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No. 6.] APRIL, 1888. [PRICE 1s.

JOURNAL

OF

THE BACON SOCIETY.

PUBLISHED PERIODICALLY.

London:
GEORGE REDWAY,
YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1888.

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(*a*) To study the works of Francis Bacon, as Philosopher, Lawyer, Statesman, and Poet, also his character, genius, and life, his influence on his own and succeeding times, and the tendencies and results of his writings.

(*b*) To investigate Bacon's supposed authorship of certain works unacknowledged by him, including the Shakespearian dramas and poems.

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INDEX.

(*The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy is referred to as B. S.*)

PAGE

Abbott, Dr., on Bacon ... 12, 19
— on the Promus ... 65
— Shakespeare Grammar 63
Addison, on Shakespeare ... 169
Anton, on Bacon... 18
Aristotle, B. & S.'s Mistake on... 247
B. S. Parallels 139*n*, 144—147, 150, 153, 157, 177—197, 198—206 254—257
B. S., Literature of ... 53, 117
Bacon's Style 206
Bacon's Character 23, 149, 154, 258, 259
— Will, Two Versions ... 227
— Motives for Concealment 41
— a Concealed Poet 59, 229
— Science 258
— Biographers 7
— Essays 144
— Poetry and Poetical Gifts 106, 126, 135, 137, 142, 233
— Masques ... 234—236
— Life ... 53, 117, 252
— Travels... 54
— and Sir John Davis ... 59
Bacon (Anthony) 54, 55, 56—58
Bacon (Delia) on B. S. 51
Baldwin (D.), on B. S. 170
Bealey, Judge, on B. S. 168
Bengough, S. E. Lectures ... 118
— Poetical Version of Bacon's Prose ... 137
— Controversy with Mr. Taylor 218
Black's Cipher 166
Brooke (Rev. Stopford), on Shakespeare's Vocabulary ... 231
Browne's H. J. Cipher ... 167
Browne (Sir T.) & Bacon Compared 136
Burns & Shakespeare 231
Campbell's (Lord) Life of Bacon 14
— on Shakespeare's legal knowledge 79, 237
Carlyle on Bacon 247

PAGE

Chettle 242, 262
Church (Dean) on Bacon ... 18
Cipher Quest 162
Clarke (Cowden), on Shakespeare's Style 63
— on Shakspere's Circumstances ... 236
Clark's (E. G.) Cipher 166
Coleridge on Shakspere... ... 253
Collier on the Folio 228
Daily Telegraph Corespondence, &c. ... ... 174, 213—218
Davidson (Professor), on Donnelly's Cipher 162
Davis on the Evidence of Parallels 176
Dixon (Hepworth), on Bacon 16, 225, 235
Donnelly's Cipher 26, 91, 117, 58, 159, 162, 228, 249
Dryden's Evidence on B. S. ... 169
Farnaby on Bacon as a Poet ... 234
Fearon, Mr., on B. S. 37
on Legal Phraseology 89
Folio of 1623 228
Fowler (Professor) on Bacon ... 23
France and B. S. 119
Furness on B. S.... 232
Furnivall on Shakespeare's Law 110
Gardiner on Bacon 23
Gibbon on Poetry 126
Gladstone on Bacon's Character 18
Goethe on B. & S. 131
Greene, Robert 242, 262
Halliwell-Phillipps' "Outlines" 165, 174, 236, 237—241, 245, 246, 263
Harrison, a Witness for Shakspere 261
Hazlitt on Bacon 247
Helicon (England's) 116
Heminge & Condell 169, 246, 261, 263
Hermann on Shakespeare ... 118
Higgins' on B. S. ... 118, 148
Holmes, Judge, on B. S. 51, 150, 175
India and B. S. 119
Ingleby on B. S. ... ... 258—265

PAGE

Jameson's Article in Chambers... 51
Johnson, Dr. and Shakespeare ... 169
Jonson's, Ben, References to Shakspere 46, 47, 61, 129, 230, 241—244, 264
"*Knowledge*" on Shakespeare... 172
Lec (Vernon) on Baconian Language 76
Liddon (Canon) quoted... ... 174
Macaulay on Bacon 10, 128, 207
Macmillan's Article on B. S. ... 118
Malet's Life of Bacon 8
Marlowe 105, 242
Martin's Life of Bacon 17
Martin, Sir Theodore, on B.S. 225—253
Mathew (Sir Tobie) & Bacon 57, 58, 61, 175, 244, 259
Milton's Evidence ... 169, 223
Meres 262
Moncrieff, W. D. Scott, Shakespeare on Court Life 90
Montague, Basil, Life of Bacon 9
Moore (Col. H. L.), on Hamlet, compared with Bacon's *Advancement* 175, 220
Morgan (Appleton), The Shakespearean Myth 52, 175, 110, 229, 259
Newman, Prof. F. W., Letter ... 222
O'Connor on Hamlet's Note Book 68, 116
Pall Mall... 171
Parallels (B. S.) 139*n*, 144—147, 150, 153, 157, 177—197, 198—206, 244—257
Parnassus Assizes 129
Phillipps, see Halliwell-Phillipps
Pope on Bacon 10, 169
Pott, Mrs. Henry, on Bacon's State Metaphors ... 207
— Promus, &c. 52, 69
— "Thirty-two Reasons"...62, 175
Promus, see Bacon Reference List
Quartos, The Early 240
Rawley's Life of Bacon... ... 8
Reichel, who wrote the Nov.-Org. 118
Report of Bacon Society ... 114
Rice, Mr. A. T., on the Cipher... 165
Ruggles, "Shakespeare as an Artist"... ... ... 193N
Saturday Review ... 171, 220
Scott, Sir Walter, a Concealed Poet 229, 232, 247
Shakespeare, Folio Edition 39, 228
— Unsuited to 17th Century Audiences 46

PAGE

Shakespeare, Knowledge of 48, 238—240
— Mistakes, &c., in... 49
— Purpose in Writing 73
— Personal History 39, 41, 49, 163, 252
— Will... 229
— Education ... 238, 241
— Unknown to Bacon and Others ... 244
— Poetry 245
— Ignorance 237
Shelley on Bacon as a Poet 136, 236
Shorter, Mr. Clement, Letters ... 221
Smith, W. H., on B. S....51, 79, 89, 226, 230—232, 260
Spedding's Life of Bacon ... 8
— on Bacon's Poetry ... 233
— on the Quartos ... 241
— Evenings with a Reviewer 12
— on Henry VIII. ... 51
— on the Promus... ... 52
— on the Northumberland House MS.... 55
St. James's Gazette 171
Staunton on Chettle's Evidence 242
Storr on Bacon as a Poet ... 136
Stopes, Mrs., on Bacon as a Poet 140
Stow on Bacon as a Poet ... 234
Stratford MSS. 224
Stronach on Sir Theodore Martin's Paper on B. S. 225
Taine on Bacon's Poetry ... 143
Taylor, Mr. J., Controversy with Professor Bengough 218
Theobald, R. M., on Bacon's Biographers 7
— Review of Hamlet's Note Book 68
— on Shakspere's Will ... 89
— B & S. Uses of Contemplation 97, 127
— on the Phrase, "I Cannot Tell" 198
— on Bacon's Poetical Style ... 135, 137, 142
Thompson, Dr. W., on the B. S. Question 50, 51
Thomson, Dr. W., on Bacon's Poetry 137
Wallace (Prof. Percy M.) on Mr. Donnelly's Cipher ... 26
Walpole, Horace, Historic Doubts 50
Watts, A. A., on Shakespeare the Lawyer... 79
— on Bacon, the Poet ... 126

PAGE

Wentworth Sheilds on Bacon as a Poet 140
Whewell on Bacon 18
White, R. G., on Othello and Orlando Innamorata 49
— on the Promus ... 68
White, R. G., on Shakspere's Education 238
Wordsworth on Poetry... 109, 127
Wright, Dr. W. A., Life of Bacon 18
— on a Passage in Lear 107

REFERENCES TO BACON'S PROSE WORKS.

Advancement of Learning, 136, 139, 141, 146, 147, 151, 154, 178, 180, 181—183, 195, 196, 247, 256, 271, 276
Antitheta ... 75, 209, 270, 272, 278
Apology 74, 269, 277
Apophthegms 270
Declaration of Essex's treason, 267, 274, 277
De Augmentis ... 137, 139, 157, 270, 271, 278
Discourse in praise of the Queen, 273, 276
Essays—Adversity 134
„ Anger 192
„ Atheism... 133
„ Cunning 275
„ Death 133
„ Empire 272
„ Friendship ... 133, 134
„ Gardens 147
„ Great Place ...133, 138, 139
„ Innovations 133
„ Love 152
„ Riches 134
„ Seditions 271
„ Suitors 267
„ Suspicions ... 134, 274
„ Truth 132, 133
„ Unity of Religion ... 135
„ Usury 274
„ Wisdom for a man's self 133
„ Youth and Age ... 274
Gesta Grayorum 268, 274, 277, 278
Great Britain 276
History of Henry VII. 61, 254, 255, 269, 271, 275, 276, 277
History of Life and Death ... 177
Holy War... ... ...266, 269, 276
Letter to Bishop Andrews ... 98
„ Buckingham (see Villiers) ... 272, 273
„ Cecil 272
„ Chancellor, Lord ... 232
„ for Essex 276
„ to Hicks 275
„ King James ...61, 99, 196, 200, 248, 267, 274, 275
Letter to Kempe 267
„ Rutland ... 74, 268
„ Sir H. May 175
„ Villiers (see Buckingham)... 146, 191, 272, 274
„ for Walsingham ... 268
Marches, The 268
Masque 267
Novum Organum... 135
Observations on a Libel...254, 271, 278
Ornamenta Rationalia 228
Parliament, on calling ... 267, 275
Philosophia Prima ... 135, 145
Poetry 131, 234, 245
Postnati, Case of... 270
Praise of Knowledge 276
Prayer 175
Proclamation, Draught of 270, 278
Promus ... 65, 70, 72, 74, 108, 206, 210, 236, 255, 266
Report on Law 267, 268
Report of Commissioners ... 274
Speech Against Essex 273
„ „ St. John 150, 276
„ „ Owen ... 254, 278
„ „ Sanquhar ... 266
„ „ Somerset 150, 266, 268
„ „ Wentworth ... 270
„ On becoming Lord Chancellor... 200
„ On Duelling 199
„ For the King 272
„ On Naturalization ... 199
„ For Salisbury 273
„ On Subsidy 272
„ For Supply ...268, 269, 278
„ Of Undertakers 274, 275 *bis*, 276
„ To the Court of the Verge ... 273 *bis*.
„ On Weights & Measures 269
Star Chamber Fees 274
Sylva Sylvarium 159
Union of Kingdom ...273 *bis*., 276
War with Spain ... 266, 268, 274, 276
Will 227
Wisdom of Ancients 180, 193, 209*n*

QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

(The Globe Edition numbers are used. Reference is given to the first line only of a quotation).

	Act	sc.	l.	PAGE
All's W.	II.	i.	201	273
	IV.	iv.	35	96
Ant. Cl.	I.	i.	43	266
	I.	iv.	12	87
	II.	ii.	51	277
	III.	iii.	23	147
	IV.	ii.	5	269
	IV.	xii.	18	275
	IV.	xiv.	2	272
	V.	ii.	82	266
As. Y. L.	II.	i.	10	278
	III.	i.	17	81
Com. Er.	III.	ii.	24	146
2 Contention	II.	i.	88	204
Cor.	I.	i.	99	271
	I.	i.	120	278
	IV.	v.	76	275
	IV.	v.	135	273
	V.	iii.	102	273
	V.	vi.	12	204
Cymb.	II.	ii.	19	189
	III.	v.	26	267
	V.	iii.	43	268
Hamlet	I.	ii.	129	177
	I.	ii.	180	187
	I.	iv.	23	178
	I.	v.	38	188
	I.	v.	99	68
	I.	v.	162	255
	II.	ii.	86	186
	II.	ii.	90, 190	183
	II.	ii.	157	255
	II.	ii.	260	188
	III.	i.	84	185
	III.	ii.	62	182
	III.	ii.	70	194
	III.	ii.	361	180
	III.	ii.	393	181
	III.	iii.	15	191
	III.	iii.	88	191
	III.	iii.	393	71
	III.	iv.	53	190
	III.	iv.	137	187
	IV.	iii.	47	271
	IV.	iii.	50	188
	IV.	iv.	39	185
	IV.	v.	84	146
	IV.	v.	90	274
	IV.	v.	156	270
	IV.	vii.	151	192
	V.	i.	1	86, 87
	V.	i.	223	168
	V.	ii.	6	196
	V	ii.	94	181
	V.	ii.	185	192
	V.	ii.	218	188
1 Henry IV.	I.	ii.	236	147
	II.	i.	81	31
	II.	iv.	249	151
	II.	iv.	430	147
	III.	i.	179	197
	IV.	ii.	32	274
	V.	i.	78	146
2 Henry IV.	I.	ii.	185	201
	I.	ii.	258	269
	III.	i.	80	278
	IV.	i.	54	273
	IV.	i.	67	268
	IV.	iv.	63	278
	IV.	iv.	122	146
	IV.	v.	72	274
	IV.	v.	200	87
	IV.	vii.	87	266
	V.	ii.	101	268
Henry V.	I.	ii.	183	271
	II.	chorus	16	272
	II.	i.	22	202
	II.	ii.	102	151
	II.	ii.	115	224
	III.	ii.	91	255
	III.	iii.	32	277
	IV.	i.	13	101
	IV.	viii.	21	278
	V.	prologue		256
	V.	ii.	5	273
	V.	epilogue		273
1 Henry VI.	V.	iii.	18	275
	V.	iii.	136	267
2 Henry VI.	I.	ii.	18	275
	I.	ii.	94	274
	II.	i.	204	270
	III.	i.	158	266
	IV.	i.	21	278
	IV.	vii.	130	83
	V.	i.	5	268
3 Henry VI.	II.	i.	128	205
	II.	ii.	168	269
	II.	iii.	7	277
	II.	vi.	47	273

	Act	sc.	l.	PAGE
3 Hen. VI.	III.	ii.	160	146
	IV.	i.	40	268
	IV.	viii.	39	269
	V.	i.	36	267
	V.	ii.	11	275
	V.	iii.	1	277
	V.	iii.	12	270
Hen. VIII.	III.	i.	169	145
	III.	ii.	238	145
	III.	ii.	337	82
	III.	ii.	368	267
	III.	ii.	380	147
	III.	iii.	55	274
	V.	i.	88	267
John	II.	i.	49	273
	II.	i.	379	271
	IV.	ii.	245	272
	V.	ii.	14	275
	V.	ii.	105	275
Jul. Cæs.	I.	ii.	312	145
	II.	i.	297	107
	II.	ii.	34	145
	III.	i.	60	144
	III.	i.	106	270
	III.	iii.	5	271
	IV.	iii.	85	147
	V.	iii.	23	145
Lear	I.	iv.	52	267
	I.	iv.	229	267
	II.	i.	85	84
	III.	vi.	102, 100, 108,	147
Love's L. L.	I.	ii.	67	103
	III.	i.	38	144
	IV.	i.	30	75
Macb.	I.	i.	42	145
	I.	ii.	42	203
	II.	ii.	53	146
	II.	iii.	61	277
	IV.	iii.	31	272
	V.	i.	43	145
Mea. M.	II.	i.	186	81
	II.	ii.	90	267
	III.	i.	95	224
	III.	ii.	221	80
Mer. V.	I.	ii.	77	147
	I.	iii.	95	203
	II.	vi.	13	145
	V.	i.	69	159
	V.	i.	297	82
Mer. Wives	II.	i.	4	153
	II.	ii.	223	80
	IV.	ii.	26	32
	IV.	ii.	219	80
	IV.	iii.	33	32
M. N. D.	II.	iii.	119	145
	III.	i.	162	147
	V.	i.	16	100
	V.	i.	374	151
M. Ado.	II.	iii.	7	152
	II.	iii.	22	202
M. Ado.	III.	iii.	92	81
	V.	i.	14	273
Othello	III.	iii.	346	255
	IV.	ii.	111	203
Per.	I.	iv.	1	100
	II.	iv.	23	276
	V.	i.	121	144
Rich. II.	I.	i.	187	157
	II.	i.	152	273
	II.	i.	24	274
	III.	ii.	144	101
	III.	iii.	55	145
	III.	iii.	65	271
	III.	iv.	84	268
	IV.	i.	12	266
	IV.	i.	87	274
Rich. III.	I.	i.	1	277
	I.	iii.	70	201
	IV.	ii.	62	274
	IV.	iv.	127	268
	IV.	iv.	412	268
	V.	ii.	3	272
	V.	iii.	43	268
R. and J.	I.	i.	133	146
	I.	v.	47	71
	II.	iii.	9	107
	III.	ii.	73	16
	III.	ii.	112	102
Tam. S.	I.	ii.	68	147
	II.	i.	406	275
Tempest	II.	i.	300	267
Tim. Ath.	IV.	iii.	492	267
Tit. And.	I.	i.	150	145
	I.	i.	263	277
	IV.	iv.	6	274
	IV.	iii.	45	275
	V.	i.	100	275
	V.	iii.	169	147
Tr. Cr.	I.	iii.	41	145
	I.	iii.	85	276
	I.	iii.	101	269
	I.	iii.	141	270
	I.	iii.	312	278
	V.	i.	6	146
Tw. N.	I.	v.	294	145
	II.	iii.	9	145
Tw. G. V.	I.	i.	63	153
W. Tale	I.	i.	29, 31	266, 268
	I.	ii.	49	83
	V.	ii.	175	147
Sonnett	...	...	27	71
,,	...	...	76	176
,,	...	...	146	146
Lov. Com.	...	...	320	107
Lucrece	...	...	789	104, 108
,,	...	...	1086	56
,,	...	...	1107	104
,,	...	...	1577	104
Ven. A.	...	...	1135	153

NOTE.

When reference is made in the pages of this Journal to the Plays and Poems of Shakespeare, the spelling—*Shakespeare*—is adopted. When, however the man, William *Shakspere*, is referred to, his name is spelt in one of the many ways which he himself, or his family employed—and we select one of those attached to his will, and the one which is most usually accepted by the Editors of our own time.

JOURNAL OF
THE BACON SOCIETY.

No. VI.

RECENT PHASES OF THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY.

At a General Meeting of the Bacon Society, November 28th, 1887, reference was made to two papers and a leading article which had appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on November 26th and 28th. These papers were the starting-point of a discussion, by correspondence, on the "Dethroning of Shakspere," which continued with scarcely any intermission till January 7th, 1888. In this correspondence the preponderance of space was naturally given to the advocates of the ordinary views; but the Baconian side was also allowed fair play, and their case was for the first time brought fairly under public notice. There was, of course, much repetition in the correspondence, some idle, irrelevant talk; and a few specimens of the contempt which, with Shakesperian scholars, is generally substituted for reason and argument. But this kind of professional scorn did not show itself very conspicuously, for the good reason that no very eminent Shakespeare critics joined in the discussion. The Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* wisely excluded mere caricature and invective, so probably these critics had nothing to say. On the whole the case was well and temperately argued on both sides, and nothing but good can come of it. It may be safely asserted that the Baconian case can never be again entirely ignored, and the impression has been formed, and will become increasingly general, that the Baconians have a great deal to say for themselves, and that such a case as they present is not to be disposed

of by a few cheap sneers, or unverified speculations as to what the Stratford playwright, or England's High Chancellor might, could, would, or should have been or done.

The correspondence consisted of about 120 letters, or parts of letters. Of these 75 were decidedly Shaksperian, and 44 were neutral or Baconian. When we came, however, to analyze the contents of these letters, the proportion between the two sides is very much more equalized. Thus, among the Shaksperian letters, 15 referred to various considerations arising out of the Cipher quest of Mr. Donnelly and others. These letters may be regarded as devoted to a side-issue rather than to the main question. A great number of letters referred to particular branches of the argument, and these involved a good deal of repetition. Nearly 30 letters were devoted to different aspects of contemporary evidence, Greene, Meres, Chettle, Jonson, Heminge and Condell, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe, Middleton, Southampton, Peele, Queen Elizabeth, Spenser, Harvey, Davies, Digges, and all the evidence summarized in Dr. Ingleby's "Century of Praise."

A few, three or four, letters discussed the genealogy of the Shakspere and Arden families, and their coats of arms.

In about a dozen letters the argument turns on Warwickshire local allusions, such as Sir Thomas Luey, the forest of Arden, Marian Hackett, Wilmecote, Barton-on-the-Heath, Christopher Sly; also Warwickshire patois is brought forward, and Warwickshire flora and fauna, which for argumentative purposes are supposed to be different to the flora and fauna of the rest of England. These letters carry a great show of crushing argument, and are the best of all the contributions to the Shakspere side of the controversy.

In another dozen letters the argument turns on the quality of Bacon's mind and character, his occupations, his literary style, his opportunities for literary pursuits over and above his legal, professional, philosophical, and scientific work. And with these may be included letters dealing with supposed indications that the poet was an actor; that his name was William; that he was not a woman-hater as Bacon, it is assumed, was; that he was ignorant of classical literature and the Italian language, and made blunders, anachronisms, and unscholarly confusions, which would have been impossible to so learned and accurate a man as Bacon is supposed to have been.

In some of the letters evidence is brought forward which has been proved to be of a false, forged, or otherwise fictitious character—some of the Collier supposititious documents, and other letters which bear on

the face of them indications that they represent what the discoverer would wish to prove, but has no authentic documents available for the purpose.

The whole result of this large mass of Shaksperian vindication is to show that there is no evidence for William Shakspere that can be trusted to speak for itself. The whole of the evidence has a strained, forced, constructive character—in fact, the writers seem to set a special value on evidence which is subtle and indirect—the bearing of which has to be carefully explained. Like an ambiguous picture which requires to be ticketed in order that its intention may be understood, so these Shakspere apologists produce utterly fanciful arguments, and then tell you the conclusions you are bound to draw from them. Thus one writer refers to the 136th sonnet, in which the word *will* is played with in what one may innocently call a very bewildering style. This is coolly produced as a proof that William Shakspere claimed the poems as his own, and, at any rate, as "incontestably proving" that the sonnets were his production. Another writer quotes the fantastic and mystical letters signed John Heminge and Henry Condell, and quite ignoring all the insoluble puzzles attaching to every line of all these dedicatory and prefatory documents in the 1623 folio, asks triumphantly, "After this, can any reasonable man believe these persons were either bribed or deceived? It is neither probable nor possible." It is to be noted that such phrases as *It is incredible; it is not likely; it is not possible; I cannot think; no reasonable person can suppose*, all attached to very uncertain and debateable speculations, have a very large place in this discussion. They are evidently very much wanted.

Another writer quotes the following distich, published 1639:—

> "Thou hast so used thy pen, or *shooke thy speare*,
> That poets startle, nor thy wit come neare."

The quoter instinctively feels that it is necessary to explain what is the precise inference to be drawn from these lines. Accordingly he adds: "This was written not long after the death of Shakspere, in 1616, and, I think, goes to prove that little doubt existed in that day as to who was the author of the plays," as if this, whether true or not, has the remotest possible bearing on the Baconian case.

Another writer quotes a passage from Meres which every Shakspere student knows by heart, with a guileless *insouciance*, as if he had just found it out for himself, and adds: "This is proof sufficient of the rank Shakspere took among his contemporaries." And thus the tale

of inglorious *non-sequiturs* drags itself along, no writer seeming to apprehend the fact that the contention of Baconians is not that the existing facts are to be disputed, but that they are to be cross-examined, interpreted, tested, and their real import ascertained.

Considering, then, the amount of repetition on the Shaksperian side, and the curious misapprehension of the real nature of the argument, also the quantity of false emotion paraded, as if our aim was to destroy the whole of the Shakespearian literature, instead of bringing new light to bear upon it, it will readily appear that the Shaksperians might easily occupy double space, and yet contribute less argument and reason than the Baconians. And so it is. Nearly every Baconian letter brings some new fact or argument to help forward the discussion. One writer reminds the public that Shakspere never claimed the authorship. Another explains the process of anonymous publication and the facilities afforded by the double paternity of poet and manager, which, by a little literary palming, can be easily confounded. Other writers refer to various traces of Bacon in the plays: the proofs of genuine scholarship; the style of his essays reproduced in the plays; the Hang-hog story from the Apophthegms reproduced in the *Merry Wives*: the *Timon* allusions in the Essay of Goodness: his mistake about Aristotle, repeated in *Troilus and Cressida;* his peculiar sentiments secreted in the poetry under ingenious disguises; the rustic and homely language to be found in his acknowledged works; the correspondence between the dates of the plays and the events of Bacon's life; the indications that Shakspere's claim was not unchallenged, even in his own life-time; the immense significance of the *Promus;* the real significance of contemporary evidence, etc. All these topics are fairly brought out, but from the nature of the case they cannot be exhaustively discussed. They, however, supply sufficient hints for those who want guidance; they provide the proverbial *verbum sap*, and if Mr. "*Sap*" does not put in an appearance it is no fault of his interlocutors.

From the first it was evident to all the active and observant members of the Bacon Society, that this discussion had an important bearing on their operations, and ought to be in some way utilized for their advantage. At a meeting of the Committee held on Dec. 23, this matter came under consideration, and the mode in which the opening thus afforded should be used was carefully considered. It was ultimately resolved that an attempt should be made to republish the correspondence under the auspices of the Society, with comments, replies, notes and extensions supplied by its members. The Secretary

was instructed to consult with our publisher, Mr. Redway, as to the feasibility of the suggestion; he was also instructed, if possible, to superintend the literary department of the re-issue. On making the enquiries suggested, it was found that the outlay would be greater than the Bacon Society could undertake, and that the most probable method of realizing our aims would be to interest Messrs. Sampson Low & Company in the project, as subordinate to their interest in the publication of Mr. Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram." The first step, however, was to obtain permission from the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* thus to use the material supplied by the paper. Application to this effect was promptly responded to by a courteous permission to make any use we chose of the articles and correspondence, provided always that the source should be acknowledged—a condition which our own sense of obligation would have necessarily suggested and demanded. When the practical question was brought under the notice of Messrs. Sampson Low & Company, the difficulty at once arose as to our right to use this correspondence without the permission of the separate writers. This, being a legal point, was submitted to two professional advisers. Mr. Francis Fearon, our former Secretary, gave the following solution of the difficulty:—"Communications received by the editor or proprietors of periodical publications become the property of the person to whom they are directed, if sent impliedly or expressly for the purposes of publication. After publication the copyright in them must be in the editor, and a republication of them, with his consent, must, I think, be all right." Mr. Richard White, of 7, New Inn, confirmed this opinion by a very similar statement, and inferred that as we had obtained the consent to republication from the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, our freedom of action is secured. After various preliminaries were discussed, it was arranged that the Secretary should select such of the correspondence as was best adapted for republication, arranging it in sections or chapters, and supplying such comments as he or the Committee of the Bacon Society might think desirable. Ultimately, however, it was found impossible to submit such a large body of material to the judgment of a committee; and as it was equally inadmissible for one irresponsible individual to be the representative of a society, it was thought best for the editor to take an undivided responsibility, with the general sanction of the Society.

The resulting publication may be taken as a brief, partial and popular exposition of the leading arguments of the Baconian case,

and an answer to the most popular arguments that can be brought against it. As most of the writers in the *Daily Telegraph* appeared to be in blank ignorance about Bacon and his writings, it follows that this branch of the argument is the most feebly represented, both in attack and defence. The prevalent impression about Bacon, as indicated in these letters, is of the most confused description. It is partly derived from one department only of Macaulay's expansion of Pope's slanderous line describing him as "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." This base and brutal summary of a great man's *signalement* is easily remembered, and therefore easily believed, and as Macaulay endorses it, and indeed makes it the keynote of his celebrated Essay, it is accepted as true. But the slander is remembered while the eulogy is forgotten. Macaulay was just as careful to prove that Bacon was the "wisest and brightest" of the sons of men, as that he was "the meanest," and his psychology never entertained the speculation whether the combination is possible or not. He wanted a glaring contrast, and here he found it. The sparkle of his Essay depends on the antithesis; but as the net result circulates in the popular mind, only one and the basest term of the antithesis is retained, the other term affirming wisdom and brightness is forgotten. Hence Bacon is continually spoken of as a dry, pedagogic logician; a cool, calculating philosopher and statesman; a heavy, plodding, note-taking *savant;* without any poetry, fire, fancy, humour or imagination. None of these critics seem to know that the prose works of Bacon contain the greatest storehouse of wit, fancy and imagination that one mind ever produced; that every page is lit up with the most brilliant and luminous metaphors, and that deep and inexhaustible as is his wisdom, his wit and poetical fancies are even more abundant and overflowing. And so the shallow one-sided version is passed on from one thoughtless critic to another, and for a great many persons the strongest objection to the Shakespeare-Bacon theory rests on the immense *petitio principii* that the mind of Bacon was entirely destitute of Shakespearian attributes.

In the columns of the *Western Daily Press*, published at Bristol, our staunch and able colleague, Professor S. E. Bengough, has proved a most vigorous champion of the Baconian theory. In a paper published Dec. 16, he brings forward a number of remarkable parallelisms between the play of King John and Bacon's History of Henry VII. We would gladly republish the whole of this letter in our pages, but

as we hope very soon to publish a more extended and complete account of Professor Bengough's researches, we need not here produce the mere epitome. This paper was the subject of comment in a leading article, and was answered in an elaborate paper by Mr. John Taylor, the City Librarian, who is the West of England Shaksperian champion. The controversy between Mr. Taylor and Professor Bengough was continued in several numbers of the same journal. Mr. Taylor's arguments would be a little more acceptable if they were not presented with such an insufferable flavour of arrogance and contempt for his antagonists. Professor Bengough's arguments are certainly worth some respectful attention, and Mr. Taylor does his best to combat them; but if he had been satisfied with the result, he certainly would not find it necessary to fortify his conclusions with plentiful imputations of folly, absurdity and ignorance to those who differ from him. Professor Bengough winds up the controversy with the following amusing challenge:—

"If Mr. John Taylor, late President of the Clifton Shakspere Society and a librarian of twenty years' experience in literary questions, undertakes to show, to the satisfaction of three graduates agreed upon to act as umpires between us, as many and as striking parallelisms in metaphorical language, modes of expression, similar phrases, and unusual words, between Bacon's Life of Henry VII. and all the Plays, twenty-one in number, in Nimmo's Collection of British Dramatists, as I can show between that same biography and the single play of King John, I hereby engage to place £20 to the account of any Bristol charity Mr. Taylor may select; on condition that he will pledge himself to do the same if he fails in his undertaking."

Mr. Taylor prudently declined this challenge, partly on the ground that "this proposal is too much in the manner of the prize-ring for my liking," and partly on the ground that "we are not agreed what are similarities;" he contends that Professor Bengough's cases are none. But in this case surely he might very securely leave the case in the hands of the three graduates that Professor Bengough suggests as umpires. Doubtless this way of settling a literary question is not entirely satisfactory; but if there ever was a case in which it might be justified, here is one, in which Mr. Taylor has a score or two of parallelisms actually presented, and his only reply is that they are not parallelisms at all, or if so they are of no importance. The "sense of discomfiture" which he attributes to Professor Bengough seems to apply more fitly to the champion who declines the challenge than to the one who proposes it, and is scarcely consistent with Mr. Taylor's

own admission that "the Professor's temerity will certainly have gained admiration." Subsequently Mr. Taylor produced a number of proverbs which are used in John Lyly's "Euphues," and are reproduced in Shakespeare; but euphuism was the jargon of the age, and there is no comparison between the significance of a number of euphuisms scattered through the whole of Shakespeare, and the argument of one of Professor Bengough's letters, in which he produces twenty-one passages from a single scene in King John, Act IV. Sc. ii., and corresponding passages from three pages of Bacon's History of Henry VII.

Recent references to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy in the periodical press have not been such as to call for any extended notice from us. The only effort to deal rationally with the case is Sir Theodore Martin's article in the February number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and this is carefully considered in a separate paper.

One thing we are bound to notice: opposition to us, which is sometimes feeble, sometimes silly, and sometimes scarcely honest, combines all three of these characteristics in the supremely stupid utterances of the *Saturday Review*. The undignified vulgarity of the recent articles seems to mark the transition from ignorant prejudice and intolerance to ribaldry and rowdyism. The next step will be bruising and violence. This, however, does not concern us, it is only insulting to the readers of the paper, and fails to touch the objects of its cheap, rubbishing ridicule. Our concern is with the flagrant dishonesty of this journalist. If there is any glimmer of argument behind his nonsense, it is to be found in the insinuation that Baconians are all hunting up cryptograms in the Shakespeare text, and are ready to put a fanciful cryptogrammic interpretation on any Shakespearian incidents that can be shaped for this use; and to illustrate this the writer makes this astounding statement:—"Colonel H. L. Moore, of Lawrence, Kansas, U.S., *has beautifully worked this out* as to the *Winter's Tale*, where Bacon, it seems, is Hermione, stepping down from the pedestal." The reader is intended to believe that Colonel Moore represents this incident as a Baconian hint secreted by Bacon himself, and now for the first time properly interpreted. Of course this is not true; it is a wicked invention of this unscrupulous writer. Colonel Moore simply uses the incident as a metaphor—"*As* Paulina pulled aside the curtain, &c. . . . *so* Francis Bacon steps out from the shadow." So long as the *Saturday Review* writes in this mendacious style, we shall decline to encumber our pages by noticing its shallow slanders.

We may just notice another case of equally anomalous, not easily- or inoffensively-to-be-described-criticism. Let our readers compare the two following paragraphs, the first from the *Daily Telegraph* of November 29, 1887; the second from *The Star* of February 16, 1888. They are by the same writer.

Daily Telegraph, Nov. 29th, 1887.

Your articles on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy deserve high commendation, for they cannot fail to call more emphatic attention to the theory than it has hitherto received in England. So far it has been the custom for Shakesperian students to entirely ignore the question. Professor Dowden has not a word to say on the subject. There is nothing that we know of Shakspere's life that has a literary flavour about it. Money-making, and not bookishness, seems the leading characteristic of the man Shakspere. The traditions of all other great men of letters, and notably of Dante, seem in complete harmony with their work: with Shakspere it is not so. The article "Shakespeare" in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Brittanica" is the only serious attempt to connect the scenery of the plays with Warwickshire. *It should be very easy to reply to the so-called Baconians.* Will not Professor Dowden attempt it? I may add that the last edition of the "National Encyclopædia" contains a fair summary of the controversy.

The Star, Feb. 16th, 1888.

Mr. Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram," which is to dispose for ever of Shakspere's claim to authorship, will be published early next month. In the meantime I recommend those of my readers who feel any way scared by the Shakspere-Bacon controversy to read a little volume of essays, recently published, by the late Clement Mansfield Ingleby. In addition to admirable essays on De Quincey, etc., will be found one on the Bacon craze. After calling attention to a class of minds which, "like Macadam's sieves retain only those ingredients which are unsuited to the end in view," he goes on to show, as Mr. Spedding has done before him, that there is not one tittle of evidence that Bacon possessed any dramatic talent, that he was utterly deficient in human sympathy, and that he merely possessed, in common with Shakspere, an admirable gift of language. Finally, he calls attention to the fact that there are fifteen distinct contemporary witnesses on behalf of Shakspere.

Of course the Shakspere-Bacon controversy is all nonsense, and we owe small thanks to Sir Edwin Arnold for giving it such "bold advertisement" in the *Daily Telegraph.*

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who writes both these paragraphs, took particular pains to have the (what he now calls) Bacon-Shakspere *craze* properly represented in the "National Encyclopædia," and at his request the article was written by the Honorary Secretary of the Bacon Society. In November, Mr. Shorter thanked Sir Edwin Arnold for his articles "as deserving of high commendation," and now he says, "We owe small thanks to Sir Edwin Arnold" for these same articles

and the bold advertisement which they gave. He makes Mr. Spedding speak of Bacon as "utterly deficient in human sympathy," than which no assertion can be more absurdly inaccurate. In November, Mr. Shorter writes to the *Daily Telegraph* in a tone decidedly friendly to the Baconian case, and points out some of the antecedent probabilities against Shakspere; and now he says it is all nonsense, and implies that Dr. Ingleby's essay refutes it. His account of Dr. Ingleby's article is completely misleading, as may be seen by the account of it given in our own pages. This is the sort of stuff by which those who trust to the accuracy and integrity of responsible guides of public opinion in widely-circulating journals are betrayed and misled. Readers of the *Star* column signed "Tatler," will, if they are wise, accept no statement about books or authors made by this writer without careful verification. Doubtless there is a hedging clause in the November letter—the one we have put in italics—but who could have expected such a leap? It is possible that the earlier letter may have been mutilated, but nothing can explain away the flagrant inconsistency of the two.

Among the curiosities evoked by the Bacon-Shakespeare discussion we may produce the following letter to the *Echo* of Dec. 31, 1887, from Professor Francis W. Newman :—

Sir,—Do the combatants intend to go to the bottom of the purely historical question? No more, I think, than did the ancient Greek critics into the Homeric question. They were as proud of Homer as we of Shakspeare, and insisted on believing that the "blind Homer" of the hymn to Apollo, wrote the other hymns, and the "Iliad," and the "Capture of Troy," and the "Margites." Modern criticism has made a great overturn of the Greek notion. Samuel T. Coleridge thought Shakspeare so miraculous a phenomenon, that he invented for him a Greek epithet, "Possessor of ten thousand minds." But what are laid before us as facts? I pretend to no special erudition in English literature, but have read from boyhood that Shakspere never claimed the tragedies as his, nor kept any copy of them. Milton avowed intense admiration of Shakespeare, but writes,—

> "Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warbles his native woodnotes wild;—

a panegyric which takes no notice at all of the tragedies. This always suggested to me that Milton had no idea that the author of the songs had any hand in the tragedies. In his sonnet to Shakespeare, vehement as is the praise, not a word suggests dramatic composition. Is Milton's ignorance to count for nothing?

The question is not whether Bacon wrote the tragedies, but whether

they were all written by one man without help, and that man Milton's Shakespeare. The late judge, Lord Campbell, declares that no man can by genius know English law; that Thackeray and Dickens often go wrong in law, but Shakespeare never. Dr. Darwin is reported to have claimed that our Shakespeare makes no medical mistakes as to Galen and Hippocrates. Genius would not here guide, without technical lore. Bacon may have helped, in both cases, without actual composing of poetry. Are the devotees of Shakspere resolved to make him a miracle?

F. W. Newman.

Weston-super-Mare.

It is curious that the Shakespeare critics quote Milton as one of the contemporary witnesses in favour of Shakspere, while Professor Newman quotes him as a witness against Shakspere as a dramatic writer. Doubtless four lines in L'Allegro, and an epitaph of sixteen lines "on the admirable dramatic poet, W. Shakespeare," prove nothing; the twenty lines, however, that Milton wrote do not, we think, bear out Professor Newman's impression, but exactly the reverse. The L'Allegro passage is as follows:—

> "Then to the well-trod stage anon,
> If Jonson's learned sock be on;
> Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warble his native woodnotes wild,"

which we take to mean that the poet, when in his Allegro mood, will, among other delights, go to the theatre to hear a learned play of Jonson's, "or" some of sweet Shakespeare's wood-notes. But, to show how utterly uncritical the whole passage is, we have only to ask where in Shakespeare are we to look for "native wood-notes wild?" Such notes may be heard from poets like Burns or Keats; but not from Shakespeare, where the culture of courts and schools and books is perpetually present, and where even such wood-notes as are sounded—as in *Venus and Adonis* and *As You Like It*—are not wild, but most classically tuned and measured.

Professor Newman is half right and half wrong in saying that the combatants do not go to the bottom of the purely historical question. This is exactly what the Baconians are trying to do—taking all the evidence and trying to get to the bottom of it, and ascertain its exact import; and this is what the apologists for Shakspere never attempt; they quote all sorts of contemporary references to Shakespeare's poetry and assume that these allusions prove their case. They say "the contemporary evidence is overwhelming," and yet never quote anything which is not ambiguous.

Most assuredly there is much historic enquiry yet remaining, but

it is not likely to be undertaken effectually while there is no attempt made by the majority of Shakespeare critics to deal with the facts relevant to their case in a searching critical way. If the inferences to be drawn are not calmly and thoughtfully elicited, but resolutely and recklessly dictated, what hope can there be of any trustworthy result? The pity of it is, that the most learned and accomplished Shakespearian scholars are those who seem absolutely incapable of looking at this question in a fair and unbiassed way. They, more than all others, import passion and prejudice into the discussion. Bacon himself explains this curious anomaly when he tells us that, "Almost all scholars have this; when anything is presented to them, they will find in it that which they know, nor learn from it that which they know not." And this bias—Bacon tells us—is even reduced to method and rule, "so that the persuader's labour is to make things appear good or evil, and that in higher or lower degree; which, as it may be performed by true and solid reasons, so it may be represented by colours, popularities and circumstances." A kind of pernicious suggestion of falsity which he also describes (in *Hen. V.*, II., ii. 115) in still more forcible terms; speaking of those who "botch and bungle up" their untruths—

> "With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetched
> From glistering semblances of piety."

Doubtless this kind of sophistication is one of the most ingenious and subtle of all the fine arts, but it is one of the basest, as Bacon again tells us,—

> "O 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
> The damnedst body to invest and cover
> In princely guards."—*Meas. Meas.* III. i. 95.

The recent "find" of MSS. at Stratford need not occupy us at present. We shall be glad of any new facts that may turn up about Shakspere,—perhaps another malt transaction, or some land or tithe bargain. Stratford has never yet yielded one interesting or valuable fact about the Shakespearean poetry, and we know quite well it never will. It is almost used up, and the new find may help to finish the exposure. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips assures us that the discovery will yield nothing. His large experience has evidently convinced him that the land which he has tilled so long is hopelessly barren. Stratford and the "Outlines of the life of Shakspere," supply the Baconians with their choicest negative arguments.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN ON BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

"The true poet and the true philosopher are one."—*Emerson.*

In an article which he has contributed to the February number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, Sir Theodore Martin makes a singularly weak and ineffective attack on the Baconian theory, and in the space of fifteen pages of inaccurate statements he manages to ignore nearly every ground upon which the Baconians rest their belief and theories. Sir Theodore Martin is known as the author of a "Life of the Prince Consort," and a translation of Horace's works, while he is jointly responsible for the "*Bon Gaultier Ballads*," a series of doubtfully aromatic parodies on Tennyson and other poets, in which deficient strength was not compensated for by abounding sweetness. But as an authority on Shakespeare he has been hitherto unknown; and his latest production in *Blackwood* proves that had he on this question remained in the background, the loss to literature would not have been an unmitigated evil.

Sir Theodore Martin first of all tells us with regard to Bacon that the doubtful incidents of a shifty, and, in some particulars by no means exemplary life, he might fairly suppose would be but little known to foreign nations and to men of future centuries. Those who have read Dixon's *Personal Life of Lord Bacon* know how ridiculous is this assertion. Many believe that it was to the efforts of Coke, Williams, and Southampton, his bitter foes, with the indirect connivance of Buckingham, that Bacon owed his disgrace. If he had been the man he is represented by Sir Theodore Martin, how came it that he was 52 when he was appointed Attorney-General and 57 Lord Chancellor? As Mr. Dixon asks, "When all other men were getting places, how was it that Bacon passed the age of 46 without obtaining power or place? Was it because he was servile and corrupt? How if his virtues, not vices, kept him so long down. How if his honesty, tolerance, magnanimity, not his heartlessness, his servility and his corruption, caused his fall." At any rate, much more is known of his life than that of Shakspere.

Sir Theodore Martin then proceeds with the immense as-

sumption that Bacon took good care that the world should be informed of everything he had written, which he deemed worthy to be preserved," and quotes the instruction in his will that copies of all his works should be "fair-bound" and placed in certain libraries for preservation. He then falls foul of Mr. W. H. Smith, who started the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy in 1856, for mis-quoting Bacon's will. This is what he says: "It is characteristic of the inexact and illogical kind of mind which has persuaded itself of the soundness of a theory rested on such trivial data, that Smith accepted without verification the 'remarkable words,' as he calls them, to be found in Bacon's will, 'my name and memory I leave to foreign nations; and to my own countrymen, *after some time be passed over*,' language which, it may be presumed, in the light of the use which has since been made of it, was held by Mr. Smith to point to some revelation of great work done by Bacon, which would be divulged to the world 'after some time had passed over.' Unluckily for this theory, the words in italics do not exist in the will; nevertheless, followers in Mr. Smith's wake have found them so convenient for their theory, that they repeat the mis-quotation, and ignore the actual words of the will quoted in the first sentence of this paper." When (in 1856) Mr. Smith wrote his work, he had not the advantage of studying, like Sir Theodore Martin, Mr. Spedding's magnificent "Letters and Life of Lord Bacon," where the will is given *in extenso*. The will accepted as Bacon's up to that time was the one given by Dr. Thomas Tenison, Archbishop of Canterbury (B. 1637 D. 1715), in his *Baconiana*. If Sir Theodore Martin had read the notes to Bacon's will in Spedding's "Letters and Life," he would have found that Mr. Spedding refers to and quotes a certain document which he states is an "earlier draft" of Bacon's will. Tenison's Book is entitled *Baconiana; or certain genuine Remains of Sir Francis Bacon;* and on page 203 of the second edition (1684) of this work, headed, "A Transcript (by the Publisher) out of the Lord Bacon's last will, relating especially to his writings," are found the following words, which we place beside the quotation given by Sir Theodore Martin:—

Baconiana.

"For my name and memory I leave it to foreign nations, and to mine own countrymen, *after some time be passed over.*

"But towards that durable part of memory which consisteth in writings, I require my servant, Henry Percy, to deliver to my brother Constable all my manuscripts, compositions, and the fragments also of such as are not finished; to the end that, if any of them be fit to be published, he may accordingly dispose of them. And herein I desire him to take the advice of Mr. Edden and Mr. Herbert, of the Inner Temple, and to publish or suppress what shall be thought fit. In particular I wish the Elegie, which I writ *in felicem memoriam Elizabethæ*, may be published."

[Spedding says (*Bacon's Works, VI.*, p. 285): "The will of which Tenison has given an extract in the *Baconiana*, was probably a draft only, not a copy, for in Bacon's last will there is no mention of this piece (the *Elegie*)."]

The same version of Bacon's will is found in the 10-vol. edition of Bacon's works, published by Rivington, in 1826.

Spedding.

"For my name and memory I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next ages.

"But as to that durable part of my memory which consisteth in my works and writings, I desire my executors, and especially Sir John Constable and my very good friend Mr. Bosville, to take care that of all my writings, both of English and of Latin, there may be books fair bound, and placed in the King's Library, and in the Library of the University of Cambridge, and in the Library of Trinity College, where myself was bred, and in the Library of the University of Oxonford, and in the Library of my Lord of Canterbury, and in the Library of Eaton. [The following passage Sir Martin does not supply.] Also I desire my executors, especially my brother Constable, and also Mr. Bosville, presently after my decease, to take into their hands all my papers whatsoever, which are either in cabinets, boxes, or presses, and them TO SEAL UP UNTIL THEY MAY AT THEIR LEISURE PERUSE THEM."

So that even Mr. Spedding allows that the words quoted by Mr. Smith were in a draft of the will, and that they emanated from Bacon. On pages 284-5 of the *Works*, vol. vi., Spedding gives reasons for the variations in the wills, and for delay in the publication of the *Elegie*—one of them being the death of the custodian of the manuscripts. Were all these remains of Bacon ever published? is a question which even Sir Theodore Martin can scarcely answer in the affirmative. If the publication of some of them was delayed *for a time* owing to such a cause—may not the publication of others—some of them

Shakespearian dramas, perhaps—have been delayed *for eternity?* Dr. Rawley, who acted as Bacon's amanuensis, speaks in his *Resuscitatio* of "the loose keeping of his Lordship's papers while he lived." On page 546 of vol. vii. of the Life, Spedding also speaks of a number of letters of Bacon's mentioned in Stephens's catalogue, which could not be found, as well as a work entitled "Ornamenta Rationalia." What, again, are the papers referred to by Bacon when he says: "I am not ignorant that those kind of writings would, with less pains and embracement, yield more lustre and reputation to my name than those others which I have in hand?" Sir Theodore Martin asserts that "if Bacon were the author, and revised the first folio, or, as we should say, saw it through the press, he was guilty of inconceivable carelessness in letting it go forth with thousands of mortal blunders in the text." Mr. John Payne Collier says of this same folio: "It does credit to the age as a specimen of typography. It is on the whole remarkably accurate, and so desirous were the editors and printers of correctness that they introduced changes for the better, even while the sheets were in progress through the press." As to "the thousands of mortal blunders in the text," Mr. Donnelly maintains that these are intentional misprints, as he intends to show, necessitated by the exigencies of the Cipher story, inserted in the plays. The plays were written and retouched precisely on the principles of the *Essays* and *Promus*, notes being introduced into the text with each alteration. The introduction of the Cipher, Mr. Donnelly says, caused the enlargement of the plays to one-third, and in some cases one-half as much again as the originals. This can be seen by a comparison between the quartos and the plays as given in the folio of 1623. The explanation about the blunders therefore is quite clear, as Mr. Donnelly has promised to show in his forthcoming volume, if Sir Theodore Martin can wait till it appears. But if, as Sir Theodore Martin maintains, Bacon was careful with regard to the publication of his writings, what explanation can he give for the carelessness and indifference with which Shakspere treated the printing of his plays? In his will are mentioned a silver and gilt bowl, a sword, "item, I gyve unto

my wife my second best bed with the furniture." No notice is taken of books or plays, which must have been known as of some small value, even by Sir Theodore Martin's "kindly and modest man." At Shakspere's death 20 of the 36 plays had not been published, including *Macbeth* and *Julius Cæsar*. The copyright of these unpublished plays at least, must have been *his own property, if he wrote them.* As Mr. Morgan says, "Were they not of as much value, to say the least, as a bed-stead? Were they not, as a matter of fact, not only invaluable, but the actual source of his wealth? How does he dispose of them? Does our thrifty Shakspere forget that he has written them? Is it not a fact, and is it not reason and common sense to conceive that, *not* having written them, they have passed out of his possession along with the rest of his theatrical property, along with the theatre whose acting copyrights they were, and into the hands of others? . . . We perceive what becomes of his second best bed-stead. What becomes of his plays? Is it possible that, after all these years' experience of their value—in the disposition of a future of which they had been the source and foundation—he should have forgotten their very existence?" Has Sir Theodore Martin, we would ask, in his own will neglected to mention the copyright of his works or to leave instructions as to the publication of any of his unprinted manuscripts? Can the omission of all reference to the plays in Shakspere's will be accounted for in any other way than this, that Shakspere died in 1616, while Bacon was alive, so that he could not venture directly to make arrangements for the disposal of the plays, their real author being still in the land of the living? Had Bacon died in 1616 and Shakspere in 1626, the case would have been altered, and multifarious clauses as to the plays might have appeared in the will.

It is well known that Sir Walter Scott had his manuscript recopied by one of the Ballantynes before it was handed to the printer, and by this means concealed the authorship for several years, as he could have done (like Lady Lindsay with *Auld Robin Gray*) for nearly a century, had he been so minded. Is it not possible that Shakspere acted as a Ballantyne to Lord

Bacon; for Ben Jonson records the anecdote that the players often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspere, "that in writing out whatever he penned, he never blotted out a line," clearly pointing to some hoax practised upon the players, as any man must know that the immortal dramas ascribed to Shakspere could not be dashed off in a first draft, finished and complete, without a line blotted. We have only to examine an autograph of Shakspere's to see if this is possible. If the parts handed to the players were in Shakspere's handwriting, it is only fair to infer that he was not the author, as no writer in those days, when copying was cheap, would have the time, even had he the inclination, to compose the plays, write a clean copy, and also write out the parts for the actors. At the present day it is never done. Even Sir Theodore Martin, I presume, would have the actor's parts of his play, *King Rene's Daughter*, copied out in some other hand than his own.

Sir Theodore Martin shows still further the spirit of unfairness with which he maintains his argument, in the statement that "Mr. Smith has really little else to say for his theory beyond his own personal impression, that Shakspere by birth, education, and pursuits, was not the kind of man to write the plays." This is a gross misstatement, as Mr. Smith's work was full of downright good argument and clear fact in favour of the Baconian theory, containing the gist of nearly all that has yet appeared on the subject. It is evident that Sir Theodore Martin has never read the book which he speaks of in such disparaging terms. It was strong enough, at any rate, to convert Lord Palmerston—as great an authority, perhaps, as Sir Theodore Martin—to the opinions of its writer.

Sir Theodore Martin would next ascribe "the birth of these masterpieces of dramatic writing to the same *heaven-sent inspiration* to which great sculptors, painters, warriors, and statesmen owe their pre-eminence," and gives as examples Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Burns, Keats, and Turner, as if their works could be named in the same breath with the so-called Shakespearian dramas. "Inspiration" will accomplish wonders—it may enable a Burns to write *Tam o' Shanter*, a Keats to produce *Endymion*, a Turner to paint a *Temeraire*, or even a Sir

Theodore Martin to pen a *Life of the Prince Consort,* but it will scarcely account for such works as *Hamlet*, *The Tempest*, or *King Lear.* Would "inspiration" supply Shakespeare with his extraordinary knowledge of law, theology, medicine, art, science, botany, music, philosophy, and other subjects too numerous to mention? Burns, Keats, and Turner had a solid education to prepare them for the battle of life; Shakspere had a meagre education—if he had any—at an ordinary "Free School," an education probably less than that furnished by any good high school of our time. He leaves Stratford, goes to London, drops all traces of his Warwickshire dialect, and immediately sets about the writing of the plays, which, as Stopford Brooke says, contain "a vocabulary of 15,000 words of pure English." Robert Burns became famous as a writer in the dialect of Ayrshire, but when he tried his hand on Metropolitan English, "he was seldom," says Principal Shairp, "more than a third-rate, a common clever versifier." If "inspiration" could impel Shakspere to write the plays attributed to him—*although he never claimed them for his own*—the same "inspiration" might have induced him to give his children—as he failed to do—a smattering of education. In fact, the whole of Sir Theodore Martin's argument lies in that single word "inspiration," which kindly allowed Shakspere to perform miracles, "to polish up indifferent dialogues, to write in effective speeches for his brother actors, to recast inartistic plots," all of which is sheer imagination on his part, as such "facts" are beyond our knowledge. Sir Theodore Martin knows very little about the stage if he can believe in such absurdities as that an *actor* would have been permitted at any time in its history to touch up plays, and that if it was done it would be done under the eyes of the actors themselves, in the theatre itself, and in a hurry. The idea is preposterous, as any acting manager will tell him; yet he accounts in this way for Shakspere's promotion from servitor to actor.

Sir Theodore Martin asks, "Have the Baconians ever tried to picture to themselves what was the position of an actor and dramatic writer of those days." They *have* repeatedly, and, what is more, they have put the picture

before the public. The sub-title of Mr. W. H. Smith's book, which Sir Theodore Martin criticizes, but does not know, is, "An Inquiry Touching Players, Play-houses, and Play-writers, in the Days of Elizabeth." And among other facts which Sir Theodore might ascertain with advantage, to which Mr. W. H. Smith alludes, are these: the actor was a "vagabond," by Act of Parliament, and liable to be "whipped and stocked;" the reputation of play-writers and of poor poets was of the lowest kind; and as Bacon was looking to the things which might lead him to higher service, what was more natural than that he should wish to conceal the fact that he was a dramatic author? Besides, his mother was a rigid Puritan, with strong objections to plays and players, as can be seen from her letter to her son Anthony, over the Gray's Inn revels:—"I trust they will not mum, nor mask, nor sinfully revel at Gray's Inn." Even at the present day the authorship of plays would hardly be a recommendation to a man who aspired to be Attorney-General. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips says:—"The vocation of a dramatic writer was scarcely considered respectable."

The least rumour of Bacon writing for the players would have ruined his chance of promotion with the Lord Chancellor. Such a man, with his prospects, would require to be specially guarded as to what he wrote. Sir Walter Scott, when urged by Morritt, to declare himself the author of the novels, wrote: "I shall *not* own *Waverley;* my chief reason is, that it would prevent me the pleasure of writing again. . . . In truth I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous for me, as a Clerk of Session, to write novels. Judges being monks, Clerks are a sort of lay brethren, from whom some solemnity of walk and conduct may be expected." And so it may have been with Bacon, who was, in fact, preaching to two audiences, one which knew him, and read his moral and philosophical works; the other, which knew him under another name, and drank in morality, philosophy, and religion, as given in a pleasanter form in the plays. "Had these plays," says the eminent commentator, Mr. Furness, "come down to us anonymously, had the labour of discovering the author been imposed upon

future generations, we could have found no one of that day but Francis Bacon to whom to assign the crown. In this case it would have been resting now upon his head by almost common consent."

Sir Theodore Martin, while assuming so much himself, coolly asserts that "Judge Holmes deals largely in assumptions, such, for example, as that 'it is historically known that Lord Bacon wrote plays and poems.' How 'historically known' he does not say, as neither by his contemporaries nor by the collectors of Elizabethan and Jacobean poetry is he credited with that faculty."

Here Sir Theodore Martin shows not only a lamentable ignorance of English literature, but an ignorance of Bacon's works, as edited by Mr. Spedding. In 1625 Bacon published a book dedicated to "his very good friend George Herbert," (a relative of the W. Herbert—"W. H."—to whom the *Sonnets* are believed to have been addressed), entitled, "Translation of certain Psalms into English verse. By the Right Honourable Francis Lo. Verulam, Viscount St. Alban." Of these Mr. Spedding, in his editorial preface, says:—"For myself I may say that, deeply pathetic as the opening of the 137th Psalm always seemed to me, I have found it much more affecting since I read Bacon's paraphrase of it." And again Mr. Spedding writes:—"Bacon had all the natural faculties which a poet wants; a fine ear for metre, a fine feeling for imaginative effect in words, and a vein of poetic passion. The truth is that Bacon was not without the 'fine phrensy' of the poet; but the world into which it transported him was one which, while it promised visions more glorious than any poet could imagine, promised them upon the express condition *that fiction should be utterly prohibited and excluded.* [A very good reason for concealing the authorship of the dramas—it would damage his credit as a scientific author, just as it would now-a-days.] Had it taken the ordinary direction, I have little doubt that *it would have carried him to a place among the great poets;* but it was the study of his life to restrain his imagination, and keep it within the modesty of truth, aspiring no higher than to be a faithful interpreter of nature, waiting for

the day when the 'kingdom of man' shall come." (Vol. vii. p. 268). With regard to Lord Bacon's rendering of the 104th Psalm, Mr. Spedding asserts:—"The heroic couplet could hardly do its work better in the hands of Dryden." The following verse by Bacon also receives commendation at Mr. Spedding's hands, and there is nothing better in the "Shakespearian" Sonnets:—

> "Thou carriest man away as with a tide,
> Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high,
> Much like a mocking dream that will not bide,
> But flies before the sight of waking eye;
> Or as the grass, that cannot term obtain
> To see the summer come about again."

Of this Mr. Spedding says:—"The thought in the second line could not well be fitted with imagery and rhythm more apt and imaginative; and there is a tenderness of expression in the concluding couplet which comes manifestly out of a heart in sensitive sympathy with nature, and fully capable of the poet's faith—

> "That every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes."

Bacon therefore needed no "Elizabethan or Jacobean contemporary" to proclaim him a poet. But even this he had, for on the authority of Thomas Farnaby, a contemporary and a scholar, to Bacon is assigned the authorship of a poem entitled *The World's a Bubble*, the authenticity of which Mr. Spedding accepts; as also another, *The Retired Courtier*, in which two lines commence with the same words as two on the Stratford tablet:

> "Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereigne well!
> Curst be the soul that thinks her any wrong."

Both poems are as fine as anything Shakespeare ever penned. Stow, in his *Annales* (1615), includes Sir Francis Bacon, Kt., among "our moderne and present excellent poets which worthily flourish in their own works, and all of them, in my own knowledge, lived together in the Queen's raigne."

That Bacon wrote sonnets is proved by the fact in his life that when Elizabeth ferried to his lodge, he presented her with

a sonnet. So much for Bacon's *Poems*. As for his *Plays*, Mr. Spedding states that Bacon not only assisted in getting up but in writing the "devices and masques" with which the students of Gray's Inn more than once entertained Queen Elizabeth. Spedding says that these "Gesta Grayorum" were intended for the special honour of the Templarians. On one occasion the performance had to be stopped owing to the spectators crowding the stage. "When the tumult partly subsided they were obliged (in default of 'those very good inventions and conceipts' which had been intended), to content themselves with ordinary dancing and revelling; and when that was over, with a '*Comedy of Errors*' (like to Plautus his Menechmus)* which 'was played by the players.'"

In the following year (1595), another device was exhibited by the Earl of Essex before Queen Elizabeth on the anniversary of her accession to the throne, and this was the work of Bacon, for Mr. Spedding says the rough draft in Bacon's handwriting is in the Lambeth collection. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his "Personal History of Lord Bacon, from Unpublished Papers," says of it that Bacon took occasion to introduce into his device a *scene* in happy allusion to the Amazon and Raleigh's voyage. He adds that Essex, not having the grace to let it stand, struck his pen through Bacon's lines, "which thereupon dropped from the acted scene and from the printed masque," but that a contemporary copy of the suppressed part remains in the State Paper Office. The masques, it may be mentioned, are given in full in Nichols' *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.*

In 1613 Bacon was the moving spirit in another masque, to celebrate the marriage of Viscount Rochester and Lady Essex. "While all the world," says Spedding, "were making presents —one of plate, another of furniture, a third of horses, a fourth of gold—*he chose to present a masque*, for which (if I have succeeded in filling up the blanks in the story correctly) an accident supplied him with a handsome opportunity. The year before, on occasion of the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth, two

* This same "Menechmus" was then unknown to ordinary Englishmen, and was not translated till 1595.

joint masques had been presented by the Inns of Court—one by the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, the other by Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple." The masque was entitled "The Masque of Flowers," and along with another masque, *The Misfortunes of Arthur* (1587), in which Bacon had a hand, will be found in Nichols's *Progresses*. Shelley, no mean judge of poverty, speaks of "the sweet and majestic rhythm" of Bacon's language. Bacon himself, in one of his letters to Sir John Davies, asking him to befriend him at court, entreats him to be good "to concealed poets." But all this, of course, will scarcely convince Sir Theodore Martin that Bacon was a poet.

"Shakspere," says Sir Theodore Martin, "came of a good stock on both father and mother's side." This, again, is pure assumption, as John Shakspere was only a glover and wool-stapler. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says: "Both families were really descended from obscure English county yeomen." The Heralds' College refused Shakspere's claim for a grant of coat armour. Our critic continues: "They [the parents] held a good position in Stratford, and were in easy circumstances during the boyhood of Shakspere." Now, when Shakspere was at the age of 11, 12, and 13, there was a gradual declension, as Mr. Cowden Clarke says, in John Shakspere's circumstances; and in his 14th year Shakspere's father, as is known from the Stratford records, was permitted to pay out only 3s. 4d. as his share of a levied contribution. He also mortgaged his wife's estate of Asbyes; and as he was unable to afford poor-rates, he was left untaxed. Next year the Shaksperes sold their landed property at Snitterfield for the small sum of £4. Yet Sir Theodore Martin says, "To send their children to the school was within the means of all but the poorest, which John Shakspere and Mary Arden were not; and all that is known of them justifies the conclusion that they would not have allowed their son to want any advantage common to boys of his class."

"Desperate indeed are the straits to which the Baconian theorists are driven," Sir Theodore calmly tells his audience, "when, *without a particle of evidence*, they deny these

advantages to Shakspere." Be that as it may, neither his father nor mother were of any reputed ability or learning, as can be gleaned from the fact that they were *unable to write.* In the transfer of the Snitterfield property in 1579, all that Shakspere's literary parents could do in the shape of writing was to affix their mark to the paper—and very bad marks they were, as may be seen by the fac-similes in Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines.* If they *did* send their boy William to school, it was more than William did for his own daughter Judith, who appears to have been illiterate enough as to be unable to sign her name to her marriage bond and two other documents, where she simply placed her mark. Is it at all likely, if Shakspere was the genius his supporters claim him to be, that he would have failed to provide an education for his children? "Ignorance," says Shakespeare, "is the curse of God." And yet William Shakspere's own daughter could not write her name. Surely Shakspere and Shakespeare cannot be the same persons. In fact, the only member of the family able to write seems to have been Shakspere himself, and a very bad writer he must have been, if we may judge from the five signatures that are extant—every one of them different. The books of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge and those of the Inns of Court have, as we have been informed by innumerable commentators, been searched in vain for the name of Shakspere, and it is therefore certain he could not have received a University or a proper legal education, even if his parents had been—as they were not at the time—able to afford it. It is *assumed,* from his marvellous knowledge of law, that he must have served in a lawyer's office; but an apprenticeship for a couple of years in such a capacity—it cannot have been longer—could not have afforded him an acquaintance with the law which caused Lord Campbell, the Chief Justice of England, to declare that, "while novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, and of inheritance, to Shakspere's law, lavishly as he expounded it, there can be neither demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error."

Sir Theodore Martin, quoting Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, says

that "nothing is known of Shakspere's history between his twenty-third and twenty-eighth year, an interval which he very reasonably considers 'must have been the chief period of Shakspere's literary education'"—another Martinian assumption. Richard Grant White, a great opponent of the Baconian theory, declares:—"When at 22 years of age he fled from Stratford to London, we may be sure that he had never seen half-a-dozen books, other than his horn-book, his Latin Accidence, and a Bible. Probably there were not half-a-dozen others in all Stratford. . . . . He could have learned some English too [in London streets—*i.e.*, when he was holding horses at the theatre door], but not much, for English was held in scorn by the scholars of those days." And Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps surmises "there would have been occasional facilities for picking up a *little smattering* of the continental languages, and it is almost beyond a doubt that he added somewhat to his classical knowledge during his residence in the metropolis. It is, for instance, hardly possible that the *Amores* of Ovid, whence he derived his earliest motto, could have been one of his school-books." And we are asked to believe that this possible "smattering" gave Shakspere that marvellous knowledge of Italian, Latin, Greek, Spanish, and German, that is met with in the plays. *Othello*, *Timon*, *Cymbeline*, *Twelfth Night*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *The Merchant of Venice* were all founded on Italian plays, of which there were no English translations when Shakespeare wrote them. Where, also, is the library that must have been used by Shakspere in those days? His plays can scarcely be *studied* without a library—how then could they be *written* without one? "Moreover," says Sir Theodore, "that Shakspere knew Latin is conclusively proved by *his* placing as a motto upon the title-page of *Venus and Adonis* two lines from Ovid's *Elegies*." It is somewhat unfortunate, however, that Shakspere's name is not to be found on this same title-page. It is again declared that "before Shakspere left Stratford he had probably written *Venus and Adonis*;" and in the same breath we are informed that "Shakspere's literary education, when he left Stratford, could not have been otherwise than imperfect." *Venus and*

Adonis has ever appeared to us—it may not to Sir Theodore—the work of a master, not the apprentice poem of a school-boy tyro, let alone a Newdigate prizeman or "Bon Gaultier" balladist. The Cowden Clarkes say of it:—"The *Venus and Adonis*—professedly 'the first heir of his invention'—and the *Lucrece*, bear palpable tokens of college elegance and predilection, both in story and in treatment. The air of niceness and stiffness, almost peculiar to the schools, invests these efforts of the youthful genius with almost unmistakable signs of having been written by a schoolman. Then his famous acquaintance with college terms and usages [in his earlier plays] makes for the conclusion that he had enjoyed the privilege of a University education." All this applies admirably to Bacon. In fact, *Love's Labour Lost*, one of the very earliest of the plays, is so learned, so academic, so scholastic in expression and allusion, that it is unfit for popular representation. Neither Mr. Halliwell-Phillips nor Sir Theodore Martin, however, claim for Shakspere this University education.

Titus, in *Titus Andronicus*, says :—"Come and take choice of all my library." It is more than Shakspere could ask. And, on the subject of Shakspere's books, we commend to Sir Theodore Martin's notice the following extract from Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines of the Life of Shakspere*, which he says "contain no conclusions that are not based upon judicial proof." This is what the favourite biographer of Shakspere has to say for his protégé :—

"The best authorities unite in telling us that the poet imbibed a certain amount of Latin at school, but that his acquaintance with that language was, throughout his life, of a very limited character. It is not probable that scholastic learning was ever congenial to his tastes; and it should be recollected that books in most parts of the country were then of very rare occurrence. Lilly's Grammar and a few classical works, chained to the desks of the Free School, were probably the only volumes of the kind to be found at Stratford-on-Avon. Exclusive of Bibles, Church Services, Psalters, and educational manuals, there were certainly not more than two or three dozen books, if so many, in the whole town. The copy of the

black-letter English History, so often depicted as well-thumbed by Shakspere in his father's parlour, never existed out of the imagination. Fortunately for us, the youthful dramatist had, excepting in the school-room, little opportunity of studying any but a grander volume, the infinite book of nature, the pages of which were ready to be unfolded to him in the lane and field, amongst the copses of Snitterfield, by the side of the river, or that of his uncle's hedge-rows."

Sir Theodore Martin, we saw, attributed the dramas to Shakspere's "inspiration." Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps accounts for *Hamlet* and *Lear*, not to mention the great historical plays, by Shakspere's study of "the infinite book of nature!" Education is of no account in their opinion, for Sir Theodore informs us, "from the belief of three centuries the world is not to be shaken by the fine-spun theories of nobodies, *who know nothing of the mysterious ways by which genius works*:"—that special knowledge being evidently reserved for Sir Theodore Martin himself.

We see, then, the Warwickshire youth trudging to London with *Venus and Adonis* under his arm, the result not of education, but of "inspiration" (Martin), or of a perusal of "the infinite book of nature" (Halliwell-Phillipps)!

With regard to the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece*, Sir Theodore Martin writes:—"Unless, therefore, it can be shown that Shakspere, *who claimed the authorship on the title-pages*, did not write either poem, the charge of want of education must fall to the ground." This again shows inexcusable ignorance on the part of Sir Theodore Martin, for any one pretending to the smallest acquaintance with Shakespearian literature, knows that in not one of the six editions of *Venus and Adonis*, or the four of *Lucrece*, does Shakspere's name appear on the title-page. This is the title-page of the first edition of *Venus and Adonis*, published in 1593:—"Venus and Adonis. Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo—Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua.—London:—Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound in Paule's Church-yard. 1593." And the first edition of *Lucrece* has for a title simply:—"Lucrece.—London:—Printed by Richard

Field, for John Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound in Paule's Church-yard. 1594." And so with all the earlier plays, not one has Shakspere's name on the title-page, and they include *Titus Andronicus*, *2nd Part of Henry VI.*, *1st Part of Henry IV.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *2nd Part of Henry IV.*, while *Love's Labour Lost* bears on the title that it was simply "newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare;" and one of the editions of *Henry IV.* is only said to have been "corrected by William Shakespeare." How does Sir Theodore Martin explain this? As stage-manager and play-wright, Shakspere may have "corrected and augmented," but it does not constitute authorship. Of the different life-time editions, 27 had no author's name on the title-page. On this point Spedding says:—"It was not till 1597 that any of his plays appeared in print; and though the earliest editions of *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and *Romeo and Juliet* all bear that date, his name is not on the title-page of anyone of them. They were set forth as plays which had been 'lately,' or 'publicly,' or 'often with great applause,' acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants. Their title to favour was their popularity, as acting plays at the Globe; and it was not till they came to be read as books that it occurred to people, unconnected with the theatre, to ask who wrote them."

Even if Shakespeare's name does appear on certain—the large minority—of the title pages, is it certain that his name or initials were placed there by William Shakspere, or by his authority? It was no unusual thing in those days, as Judge Holmes shows, for book-sellers to set a well-known name—such as was Shakspere's as a theatrical manager—to a book "for sale's sake," and that at least fifteen plays were published in Shakspere's lifetime under the book version of his name or its initials, which have never been received into the genuine canon, and of which all but two, or portions of two, have been rejected by the best critics. Two of these are *Sir John Oldcastle* and the *Yorkshire Tragedy*.

Sir Theodore Martin next lays great stress upon the poetical tributes accorded to Shakspere by Ben Jonson and other contemporaries, presuming that "Ben Jonson was not the man

to write thus without having a basis of fact to go upon.' 'All the favourable tributes to Shakspere, in his view, are to be accepted, but the unfavourable are not to be taken as evidence, as they were only the result of "jealousy." He has his own opinion of Robert Greene's reference to Shakspere:—"There is an upstart Crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie." Sir Theodore, in his conjectural mood, says of this :—"His grudge against Shakspere was apparently intensified by the fact, that the young man from Stratford not only acted plays, but wrote them, or, at least, worked them up for the stage." But, says our critic, "to the latter (Shakspere) Greene felt bound to make an apology, in an Address to the Gentlemen Readers, published in December, 1592, along with his 'Kind Hart's Dreame.'" Greene was dead, and could make no apology. Chettle, the author of both these pieces, did apologise to one of these "play-makers" to whom Greene addressed his epistle. This could not have been Shakspere, however, for in the letter Shakespere is referred to as the chief of the "puppets" against whom the play-makers (to whom it was addressed) are warned. Mr. Howard Staunton shows this clearly in the *Athenæum*, 7 Feb., 1874, in objecting to the publication by the new Shakspere Society of "Kind Hart's Dreame" as one of the books containing "indubitable reference" to Shakspere. Even if the apology did refer to Shakspere, it appears to us that an apology made by Chettle as Greene's editor (who confesses he *didn't* know Shakspere) for a statement made by Greene (who *did* know Shakspere) is scarcely worth the paper it is written on.

Is it not possible that Robert Greene may have had cause to see through the deception with regard to the dramas, if for no other reason that Shakspere did not append his name to them? In the theatre Shakspere might have taken the credit, without saying yea or nay to the questions asked about the authorship. Sir Theodore Martin then works up from his imagination the following glowing picture:—"Who does not

see from this the Shakspere, not of the dramas merely, but of social intercourse; with his flashes, not of merriment only, but also of pathos and subtle thought, his flow of anecdote and whim playing like summer lightning amid the general talk of the room, and sometimes provoking the ponderous and irritable Jonson by throwing his sententious and learned talk into the shade?" This guess-work is all very good, but how does it affect in any way the authorship of the plays? How many actors and theatrical managers who have never written a line would the foregoing words accurately describe? Ben Jonson paid a similar tribute to Bacon, whose works he was commissioned to translate into Latin, and was doubtless ready, for a monetary consideration, to write verses on any portrait put before him, as are versifiers of the nineteenth century. Besides, Ben Jonson was under great pecuniary obligations to Shakspere, the rich dramatic manager, for having produced the play, *Every Man in His Humour*, at the Globe Theatre. Sir Theodore also brings in, as evidence as to Shakspere's wit, the so-called "combats" between Shakspere and Jonson at "The Mermaid," forgetting that, as Fuller was only eight years old when Shakspere died, he doubtless only spoke from hearsay, as "it is hardly probable that an infant of such tender years was permitted to spend his nights in 'The Mermaid.'" Yet this same imaginative Fuller in 1622 chronicles that while Shakspere's "genius was jocular," his "learning was very little"—just as Ben Jonson speaks of Shakespeare having "small Latin and less Greek"—a revelation to those who believe that the writer of the plays must have had an intimate acquaintance with the great authors of Greece and Rome. Moreover, Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries* (published after his death), in enumerating sixteen of the greatest wits (*i.e.*, witty writers, not speakers) of his day, *does not even name Shakspere*, but says of Bacon that "it is he *who hath filled up all numbers*, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. . . . . So that we may be named *the mark and acmè of our language*." It is certainly very curious that in 1623 Jonson wrote the

very same words about Shakspere:—"Leave thee alone for the comparison of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth." Again, in his *Discoveries*, Jonson says:—"As it is fit to read the best authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest and clearest;" and he specifies Sidney, Donne, Gower Chaucer, and Spenser—not Shakespeare. This is what Ingleby, the Shakespearian, says of the tributes to Shakspere in his *Century of Praise*, and it is a sufficient reply to Sir Theodore Martin. "The absence of sundry great names, from which no pains of research, scrutiny, or study could connect the most trivial allusion to the bard or his works (such, *e.g.*, as Lord Brooke, Lord Bacon, Selden, Sir John Beaumont, Henry Vaughan, and Lord Clarendon), is *tacitly* significant: the iteration of the same vapid and affected compliments, couched in conventional terms, from writers of the first two periods, comparing Shakespeare's 'tongue,' 'pen,' or 'vein,' to silver, honey, sugar, or nectar, while they ignore his greater and distinguishing qualities, is *expressly* significant. It is plain, for one thing, that the bard of our admiration was unknown to the men of that age." In a work entitled "The Great Assises holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessours," ascribed to George Wither, a contemporary, Bacon is placed next Apollo, as "Chancellor of Parnassus," while Shakspere is only 26th, a juror, and last but one on the whole list—rather hard on the "Star of Poets," who "was not of an age, but for all time." Sir Tobie Matthew, one of his most intimate friends, writing to Bacon, says:—"The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is that of your lordship's name, *though he be known by another*." Was that other "Shakespeare"?

Further on Sir Theodore Martin says:—"But neither Jonson nor Drayton, nor, what is more material, his player partners and intimates, hint anywhere the slightest surprise that he ceased, while still in the vigour of his years, to furnish the stage with fresh sources of attraction. Why he so ceased no one can tell." He did not so cease, for at Stratford he composed three epitaphs, which are considered by the Shakespearians worthy of preservation, and to which they are

heartily welcome. This is the doggerel which the reputed author of *Hamlet* indited on his return to Stratford:—

EPITAPH ON JOHN A'COOMBE.

"Ten in the hundred lies here engraved;
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved;
If any one asks, 'Who lies in this tomb?'
'Ho! ho!' quoth the devil, ''tis my John a'Coombe!'"

EPITAPH ON ELIAS JAMES.

"When God was pleased, the world unwilling yet,
Elias James to nature paid his debt,
And here reposeth; as he liv'd, he dyed.
The saying in him strongly verified—
Such life, such death; then, the known truth to tell,
He lived a godly lyfe, and dyed as well."

The third epitaph is longer, but equally sublime and "heaven-born." Baconians have never claimed these lines by the real Shakspere as the work of their Lord Chancellor, but cannot help comparing them with the verses Bacon wrote entitled "The World's a Bubble." It happens that the last Shakespearian play, *The Tempest*, was produced in *the very same year that Bacon obtained the office of Attorney-General.* The struggles as a barrister were now at an end, and, if he were the writer of the plays, this fact would account for their cessation. Shakspere could produce no more dramas, if the Baconian supply were cut off; accordingly he at once starts for Stratford to write doggerel epitaphs. Read in this light the epilogue to *The Tempest* is of great interest.

Sir Theodore Martin says:—"It must always be remembered that Shakspere died of a sudden illness, which probably cut short many other projects besides that of having his dramas printed in an authentic form. This view is countenanced by the language of Heminge and Condell in their dedication of the first folio to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, in which they speak of Shakspere with regret as 'not having the fate common with some to be executor to his own writings.' *To them it seems clear enough he would have brought them out himself had he lived.*"

Mr. Halliwell-Phillips distinctly controverts this statement,

when he says:—"The editors of the first folio speak, indeed, in a tone of regret at his death having rendered a personal edition an impossibility; but they merely allude to this as a matter of fact or destiny, and as a reason for the devolution of the task upon themselves. They nowhere say, as they might naturally have done had it been the case, that the poet himself had meditated such an undertaking, or even that the slightest preparation for it had been made during the years of his retirement."

Again, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says: "It may indeed be safely averred that the leading facts in the case, especially the apathy exhibited by the poet in his days of leisure, all tend to the persuasion that the composition of his immortal dramas was mainly stimulated by pecuniary results that were desired for the realisation of social and domestic advantages. It has been frequently observed that, if this view be accepted, it is at the expense *of investing him with a mean and sordid disposition*." So there was another man, evidently, "mean and sordid," in the Elizabethan age besides Lord Bacon!

"It is difficult," continues Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, "to resist the conviction that he was indifferent to the posthumous fate of his own writings. . . The editors of the first folio distinctly assure us that Shakespeare was in the habit of furnishing them with the autograph manuscripts of his plays, so that, if he had retained transcripts of them for his own ultimate use, or had afterwards collected them, it is reasonable to assume that they would have used his materials, and not been so careful to mention that they themselves were only gatherers."

"Heminge and Condell speak of themselves as mere gatherers, and it is nearly certain that all they did was to ransack their dramatic stores for the best copies of the plays that they could find, handing those copies over to the printers in the full persuasion that in taking this course they were morally relieved of further responsibility."

Now Shakspere had been at Stratford several years, so that he had plenty of time to make arrangements for the publication of his plays. It is worthy of note that the "editors" of the folio say that they only "collected and published the plays"

—that is, collected them from the manuscripts supplied to the theatres, about which manuscripts these collectors say "we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Where were the *original manuscripts?* Destroyed probably by Shakspere, if they were not written in Shakspere's hand. His *copies* might well, therefore, contain "no blot." As Sir Theodore Martin says, Shakspere's death was indeed sudden; nor was it, we may add, entirely reputable; as an entry in the diary of Mr. Ward, Vicar of Stratford, runs: "Shakspere, Drayton, and Ben Jonson drank too hard, for Shakspere died of a fever thus contracted."

It is a curious coincidence that the *De Augmentis* of Bacon (containing his explanation of cryptographs) and the "first folio" were both published in the same year. Carlyle says:—"There is an understanding manifested in the construction of Shakespeare's plays equal to that in Bacon's *Novum Organum.*" Hazlett writes:—"The wisdom displayed in Shakespeare was equal to the profoundness of the great Bacon's *Novum Organum.*" Another curious fact is that although St. Albans is mentioned fourteen times in the plays, there is no single allusion to Stratford-on-Avon. A third fact is that although Bacon quotes nearly every great writer in his works, he never quotes Shakespeare. Is it for the same reason that Scott, in his "Novels," used as quotations for the headings to his chapters every poet but Scott? Another unexplained fact is this: that the only place where it is known that a MS. of Shakespeare once existed was in Bacon's portfolio—among the Northumberland MSS. As for parallel passages in the plays, and the works of Bacon, the two following are startling enough to convince everybody but Sir Theodore Martin:—

An extraordinary coincidence in thought and expression is to be seen in two passages from the "Advancement of Learning" and "Troilus and Cressida." In the former work Bacon quotes Aristotle as saying that "young men are no fit auditors of moral philosophy, because they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections, nor attempered with time and experience." In "Troilus and Cressida," II. ii. 165, we find these lines:—

"Not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distempered blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong."

In both passages the same sentiment is expressed in highly philosophical terms, and the same mistake is made, as Mr. Spedding shows that Aristotle wrote with regard to "political philosophy," not "moral philosophy."

Now Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps tells us in his *Outlines:*—"There can be little doubt that 'Troilus and Cressida' was originally produced at the Globe in the winter season of 1602—3." The "Advancement of Learning" was first published in 1605, when Bacon was 45, so that we are forced to one of two alternatives—either that Bacon wrote both passages, or that he—scholar and philosopher—borrowed the idea, including the error, from Shakespeare. "The whole tenor of the argument in the play is so exactly similar to Bacon's mode of dealing with the subject, that it is incredible that a mere plagiarist would have followed so closely." And this is not the only remarkable coincidence to be found in the Baconian and "Shakespearean" works, as those who have studied Mrs. Pott's *Promus* can testify.

Take the following for instance: In the original draft of a letter from Bacon to King James, in 1621, he writes:—"Cardinal Wolsey said, that if he had pleased God as he pleased the King, he had not been ruined. My conscience saith no such thing; for I know not but in serving you I have served God in one. But it may be, if I had pleased men as I have pleased you, it would have been better with me." Compare this with Wolsey's famous speech in *Henry VIII.*, printed for the first time in the folio of 1623.

In another letter to James I., Bacon writes:—"This being but a leaf or two, I pray your pardon if I send it for your recreation, considering that love must creep where it cannot go." In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, we read:—"For you know that love will creep in service where it cannot go."

This coincidence, or rather identity, of expression is surely more than accidental.

The eminent critic in *Blackwood* next attacks Mr. Donnelly for his views on the question, and in reviewing his work (not yet published, be it remarked) he soundly rates him for adopting as gospel what he is pleased to call "all the preposterous nonsense of previous Baconians about Shakspere." He describes Mr. Donnelly's efforts—which are, for aught we know, honest and straightforward—as "a literary goose-chase," and declares that Mr. Donnelly has no right to ask anyone to enter on such a chase before "he can first establish from credible evidence the following propositions:—

(1) That Bacon did in some clear and unmistakable way set up in his life a claim to the work which has hitherto been assigned to Shakspere; (2) That he was privy to the publication of the first folio; (3) That he had Heminge and Condell under his thumb, and got them to write in the Dedication and Preface, with the deliberate purpose of throwing the world off the scent as to the real authorship; (4) That he suborned Ben Jonson to become a party to the fraud; (5) That there exists somewhere and in some definite form under Bacon's hand, a suggestion, no matter how slight, that he had aught to do with the plays any more than Mr. Donnelly himself."

Mr. Donnelly has declared that on most of these points he can satisfy his objectors. But Sir Theodore Martin's logic is this—he answers Mr. Donnelly's "I will show you a wonderful experiment which will prove that Bacon wrote the plays," with the convenient statement, "You have no right to ask me to look at it, sir, until you can first establish that the moon is made of green cheese." We might with equal justice retort, What right has Shakspere to the dramas? Show us when or where Shakspere ever claimed them as his own. Show us any of his manuscript—show us a single letter even, beyond the only five authentic autographs known to be his, three of them on his will, autographs which prove that his penmanship was that of an uncultivated man, a man who would have taken months to transcribe a single play Show us some trace of his library. He could not have carried his whole library

in his head. Show us that he received the education that would fit him to write the dramas that bear his name as author; for Fuller says he had "very little learning." Show us an entry at Stationers' Hall of any one of the plays being copyrighted by William Shakspere. Show us that those wonderful Italian scenes and accurate descriptions of sea-life were written by a man whose days were spent in London and Stratford. Show us these, Sir Theodore Martin, and we will acknowledge that the Baconian arguments are "preposterous." That Bacon did not claim the poems may be accounted for by the fact that an acknowledgment of having been in league with Shakspere, and made money from the plays, would have added to his ignominy with that generation, a consideration which gained tenfold strength after his fall. He was content to be known by his *Novum Organum*, "a book which has in it the germs of more power and good to man than any other work not of Divine authorship in the world."

Our critic then makes two statements which we must controvert:—First, that Bacon "unquestionably did not place upon record that he and not Shakspere wrote the plays;" and, second, that Mr. Donnelly asks us to believe "that instead of placing the fact upon record as any man of common-sense would be sure to do, Bacon wrapt up his secret in a cryptogram, of which he did not even leave the key." How does Sir Theodore Martin come to this conclusion? Is it not possible that both proofs and key—or either—were left behind by Bacon, and are lost or still concealed from the light of day?

Sir Theodore Martin concludes his array of threadbare arguments with the advice, "Let Mr. Donnelly get over the initial difficulties which we have suggested, and then Shakespearian students will give him a hearing. Till then, they, and all men who recognise that one of life's chief responsibilities is a responsibility for a right use of our time, will be content to abide in the faith of Shakspere's contemporaries, and of well-nigh three centuries of rational men, that the kindly and modest man, whose mortal remains rest in front of the altar in Stratford Church, was no impostor, but the veritable author of the works for which, as one of its wholly priceless

possessions, the civilised world owes to him endless gratitude." Now, we have always been under the impression that "one of life's chief responsibilities" is to discern truth, and it is this responsibility which Mr. Donnelly has undertaken. To Sir Theodore Martin, Professor Masson, and those who bow the knee to a literary myth he gives a plain and unequivocal answer to the question, "What's in a name?" As to "the three centuries of rational men," what about the centuries of tradition with regard to the apocryphal books of the Bible, once accepted as Gospel? What of the exploded idea that the world was made in six ordinary days? Say a thing, and you will get people to believe it.

Even if Mr. Donnelly proves his case, we have no doubt Sir Theodore Martin and his friends will declare that Bacon inserted the cipher to steal from Shakspere his reputation, just as they maintain it possible, in explaining the wonderful parallel passages, that Bacon, the scholar and universal genius, borrowed his ideas from Shakspere the actor and play-wright. Sir Theodore Martin plainly shows this intention when he writes: "However clear a cryptogram might be, it could not possibly amount to more than a mere assertion by an interested witness." He will accept nothing but "the confession of Shakspere himself"—a process now, unfortunately for Bacon, somewhat difficult of accomplishment. This is the argument of Mr. Dwight Baldwin:—"But suppose that the edition of 1623 does contain a cipher, in which Francis Bacon claimed to have written the plays of William Shakespeare, what does that prove? That he wrote the plays? No. Rather that he was a greater, brighter, more daring and far-seeing knave than the world has hitherto thought possible." Before the answer is given by Mr. Donnelly, however, we will present to Sir Theodore Martin the following summary of the early lives of Francis Bacon and William Shakspere, to be added to his copy of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines*, which he seems to have used to so much advantage, reminding him that at the beginning of his article he speaks, with regard to Bacon, of "the doubtful incidents of a shifty and in some particulars by no means exemplary life." At any rate, Lord Bacon's record can stand a fair comparison with that of Sir Theodore's "heaven-born genius."

Francis Bacon.	William Shakspere.
Born Jan. 22, 1561; died April 9, 1626; aged sixty-five years.	Born about April 23, 1564; died April 23, 1616; aged fifty-two years.
Son of a Lord Keeper of England, a learned Protestant.	Son of a woolstapler and glover of Stratford, an illiterate Catholic.
Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge.	Taught at a free school in Stratford—*perhaps*.
Left college at fifteen, having taken his M.A. degree.	Left school at fourteen—if he ever was at school.
Went as an *attaché* to the Court of Paris from fifteen to eighteen.	Worked with his father at a trade until eighteen, or longer.
Learned French, Italian, and Spanish.	Drank beer at pot houses—probably.
Returned on the death of his father, bearing a dispatch to the Queen.	Said to have hunted conies and poached on neighbouring deer-parks.
Married at forty-five to a handsome young maiden.	Married at eighteen (name Shagsper) to a girl of twenty-six.
"Then let thy love be younger than thyself.	"His works are full of passages . . . which, if he had loved and honoured her, he could not have written."—*White's Shak.*, p. 51.
"Or thy affection cannot hold the bent."—*Twelfth Night*, ii. 4.	Child born five months after marriage.
Had no child after twenty years' marriage.	"The less that is said about the matter the better." —*White's Shak.*, p. 49.
"The noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men."—*Bacon's Essays*, 1612.	Absconded from Stratford to London at twenty-two or twenty-three, and held horses at the theatre door.
Admitted to the bar at twenty-one; elected to Parliament at twenty-three.	

Could such a genius, one naturally asks, as the one Sir Theodore Martin accepts, have moved for 52 years in the world, and so little be known or recorded of the peculiarities of his life or the ordinary details of it? Study the most careful biography of Shakspere—even that of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, to which Sir Theodore Martin accords so much praise—and what remains, after winnowing out the few facts which are susceptible of proof? It is marvellous how little. The "vast majority" is surmise, imagination, fanaticism, bias and forced inference. It is like reading the stories of Romish saints raising the dead and performing other miracles—which modern historic criticism dismisses as falsehoods and deceptions. To accept

the Shakspere of Sir Theodore Martin is like Faith without Reason. It requires unbounded confidence, or, what is often allied, just as limitless a want of reflective power in the narrator of the story. Shut your eyes, open your mouth, and swallow what is put into it for what it is stated to be, against every doubt, dissent, or question of the senses or of sense. Well might Coleridge exclaim, as he did of the Shakspere of Sir Theodore Martin, "Does God choose idiots to convey truths to men?" What seems to be "preposterous" is not the argument of the Baconians, but the proposition of the Shakespearians, "that this man, with only such a history as we possess of his life, education studies, and pursuits, could have produced the matchless works we know by his name. That such a man as William Shakspere," says Judge Holmes, "who helped to steal sheep and lie intoxicated with his companions under a crab-tree near Stratford-on-Avon, and performed other very ordinary achievements, that such a man may have *lived*, we do not pretend to deny. Our business is to prove that such a great writer, dramatist, universal genius, poet, and doctor of human nature, as Shakspere is supposed to have been, did *not* exist." As Mr. Donnelly says, "Imagine William Shakspere strutting about the boards, or managing a lot of players for the entertainment of the rabble in London, and at the same time writing Hamlet's Soliloquy! I should as soon believe that a negro minstrel was the real author of Newton's "*Principia.*"

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BACON'S USE OF THE WORD *PIONER*, AND RELATED EXPRESSIONS.

PIONER, or pioneer, is a favourite metaphor with Bacon. Early in life he was impressed by a saying of Democritus, that *Truth did lie in profound pits*; and as in military language a pioneer is one who digs underground, a sapper and miner, his love of analogy led him to apply the term to those who dig deeply for truth. Thus in a letter to Lord Burghley he contemplates a student's life as a possible alternative if he is unable to find employment in the service of the State, in which case he resolves to "give over all care of service, and become some sorry bookmaker, or a true pioner in that mine of truth, which he said lay so deep." The pioner is, therefore, in Bacon's eyes, one who is working underground; and it is plain that this may be applied alike to mining and undermining; that the pioner may be either digging for hidden treasures, or digging for militant or treasonable purposes. To these several uses the word is applied by Bacon at different periods of his life. Thus in 1592, in "Observations on a Libel," he writes, "Nay, even at this instant in the kingdom of Spain, notwithstanding the pioners do still work in the Spanish mines, the Jesuits must play the pioner and mine into the Spaniards' purses, and under the colour of a ghostly exhortation contrive the greatest exaction that ever was in any realm." In his speech made in the charge against Owen, he speaks of "Priests here, . . . which be so many pioners to undermine the State." In March, 1622, he offers service to the king, saying, "I shall be glad to be a labourer, or pioner, in your service." Notice that the modern signification of the word pioneer, as a first explorer or settler, is not applicable to Bacon's or Shakespeare's use of the word pioner.

In the History of Henry VII., Bacon, speaking of the deficiency of exact information respecting the Simnell plot, adds, "We shall make our judgment upon the things themselves, as they give light to one another, and, as we can, dig truth out of the mine." And describing the king's treatment of Perkin Warbeck's conspiracy, he tells us, "Others he

employed in a more special nature and trust, to be his pioneers in the main countermine." Also, in a passage which we shall show to have a curious affinity with Shakespearian usage, he says, "As for his secret espials . . . he had such moles perpetually working and casting to undermine him." Bacon says of Richard III., that "Even in the time of King Edward his brother, he was not without *secret trains and mines* to turn envy and hatred upon his brother's government."

Also after describing some of the precautions taken by Henry VII. against Perkin Warbeck's conspiracy: "For the rest," he says, "he chose to work by countermine." (p. 113).

Turning from Bacon-proper to his alias in Shakespeare, we observe as a preparation for the transition, that Bacon has noted in the *Promus* (1395) that "Pionner in the myne of truth" is a hint worth remembering and storing up as one of the helps of his invention; and we shall find the Baconian idea clearly reflected in Shakespeare.

In Henry V. the word pioner is used in its simple original sense. The scene is at Harfleur, which is under siege, and mining operations are proceeding. Gower asks, "How now, Captain Macmorris, have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?" (Act III., sc. ii., l. 91.) The word is used in the same sense in *Othello*, "The general camp, pioners and all" (Act III., sc. iii., 346), the miners and pioners being the soldiers of least estimation, to whom the hardest manual toil is assigned. A reminiscence of the saying of Democritus, without the use of the word pioner, is to be found in the brag of old Polonius, "I will find where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed within the centre." (*Ham.* II., ii., 157.) In another passage from *Hamlet* we find the mole, the mine, the pioner, and digging below ground are all associated, as in Bacon's Henry VII. The ghost seconds Hamlet's wish to exact an oath of secresy from his companions. "Swear," he says, from below the ground; and again, "Swear," after they had shifted their places; on which Hamlet, his excitement making him almost hysterical, half laughing, half weeping, exclaims—

> "Well said, old mole! Can'st work i' the earth so fast?
> A worthy pioner!"—Act I., sc. v., 162.

The most interesting application of the pioner metaphor is

to be found in the *Advancement of Learning*, 2nd Book, where it is introduced in co-relation with another metaphor equally striking, equally Shakespearian: "If then it be true that [which] Democritus said, *That the truth of nature lieth hid in certain deep mines and caves;* and if it be true likewise that the Alchemists do so much inculcate, that Vulcan is a second nature, and imitateth that dexterously and compendiously which nature worketh by ambages and length of time; it were good to divide natural philosophy into the mine and the furnace, and to make two professions or occupations of natural philosophers, some to be pioners, and some smiths; some to dig, and some to refine and hammer."

The office attributed here to Vulcan is one that belongs to many departments of art and science—viz., to "imitate that dexterously and compendiously which nature worketh by ambages and length of time." Dramatic art evidently does the same thing, especially when, as in Shakespeare, it makes light of the ancient *unities*, and brings under one point of view that which in nature is separated by wide interventions of time and space. It shares Vulcan's art and *imitates* life, it introduces events, actions, and persons, bringing before the eye "dexterously and compendiously" that which represents circuitous passages (ambages) and long reaches of time. In this it comes into relation not with the pioner who digs, so much as with the smith, who, with his *furnace*, shapes, hammers, and refines. This analogy is completely represented, though all the metaphorical terms of it are not supplied, in the Prologue to the 5th Act of *Henry V.*, which begins—

> "Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
> That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
> I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
> Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
> Which cannot in their huge and proper life
> Be here presented."

Then after enumerating some of the scenes which imagination is to supply, he continues—

> "But now behold
> (In the *quick forge and working house* of thought,)
> How London doth pour out her citizens," &c.

Thus we see that the "forge and working-house of thought"

must do that dexterously and compendiously which nature does more slowly; it supplies that which "in their huge and proper life cannot be presented," because of the obstacles presented by "time, and numbers, and the due course of things." Thought is therefore a "quick forge and working house," according to Shakespeare. So it is according to Bacon. In an early draft of the Historical Study, which was afterwards expanded into the History of Henry VII., Bacon refers to the spread of knowledge in the present as compared with former times, "whereby," he says, "the wits of men (*which are the shops wherein all actions are forged*) are more furnished and improved." He speaks also of the sanctuaries, where criminals and traitors took refuge as the "forges of most of his troubles." There is evidently a singular identity of thought, style, and metaphor between the poet and the philosopher. And as the figure is one of Bacon's most characteristic and apparently original forms of pictorial utterance, it is not unreasonable to infer that his hand was at work on the Historical Drama. This, observe, is not offered as proof, but only as strong presumptive evidence.

As this same prologue refers to the expected return of Essex from Ireland, it was written during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, not later than Sept., 1599; and as the *Advancement of Learning* was not published till 1605, after James I. came to the throne, the forge and working house cannot be derived from Vulcan's furnace as there pictured, but the same mind is at work in the two passages, using the same ideas in different forms of application. There is nothing like copying or imitation, but simply that identity of style and allusion which is easily explained if both passages are derived from the same source.

It is plain, then, that Bacon's highly metaphoric use of these two ideas, the work of the pioner and the work of the smith, are exactly reproduced in Shakespeare. It seems to us also that it is not easy to gain a vivid perception of the precise scope and import of these metaphors in the plays till we have brought them into comparison with the didactic statements of the same ideas in the philosophical writings. We want Bacon's help in order to understand Shakespeare perfectly.

R. M. Theobald

DR. C. M. INGLEBY ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE.*

In a volume of posthumous essays by the late Dr. Clement Mansfield Ingleby, there are two essays relating to Bacon, as a philosopher and man of science, and one essay on the authorship of Shakespeare, in which Bacon's claim is incidentally and partially discussed. The scientific view of Bacon is, in many respects, just and comprehensive. We think Dr. Ingleby touches the true secret of Bacon's influence as a philosopher, when he says,—

"If we look carefully into the matter it is not on the prescribed method of Bacon that his fame was built. It was the power of divination in the man which made him great and influential," (p. 182).

And the critic instances his curious speculations and enquiries on Heat, in which he arrived at the same conclusion that Professor Tyndall perfected more than two hundred years later, that "Heat is a mode of motion." "Bacon, it appears," says Dr. Ingleby, "was very near discovering the law of the correlation of physical forces."

Bacon could not quite emancipate himself from the scholastic views of nature which he inherited. The objects of his quest were more wrong than the method; and if he had expended the same industry, research, enquiry, and experiment, on natural phenomena and their laws, as parts of natural history, as he did in the semi-metaphysic hunt after the essential *forms* of the pervading forces of nature—heat, light, sound, dense, rare, &c.—he would have produced more fruitful results. His *divination*, as Dr. Ingleby sagaciously notes, gave him his power. Here, too—in his science—he was a seer, a poet, rather than a natural philosopher.

It is a pity that a writer like Dr. Ingleby cannot speak about Bacon without gratuitous imputations on his moral character. Why, for instance, repeat the oft-refuted slander that "he was unsympathetic, unamiable, unscrupulous, and sensual;

* Essays: by the late Dr. C. M. Ingleby. London: Trübner and Co. 1888.

a lover of power and rank, a hater of women." Those who knew him best, such as Dr. Rawley, Sir Tobie Matthew, and Ben Jonson, speak of him in entirely different terms. They shew us a man of such exalted grandeur, such splendour of nature and character, that these pettifogging vices which modern critics so recklessly attribute to him, were absolutely impossible. It is worth while again to quote Sir Tobie Matthews, perhaps his most intimate friend:—

"And I can truly say (having had the honour to know him for many years, as well when he was in his lesser fortunes as now that he stands at the top and in the full flower of his greatness) that I never yet saw any trace in him of a vindictive mind, whatever injury was done him, nor ever heard him utter a word to any man's disadvantage which seemed to proceed from personal feeling against the man, but only (and that too very seldom) from judgment made of him in cold blood. It is not his greatness that I admire, but his virtue; it is not the favours I have received from him (infinite though they be) that have thus enthralled and enchained my heart, but his whole life and character; which are such that, if he were of an inferior condition, I could not honour him the less, and if he were my enemy I should not the less love and endeavour to serve him."

We turn, however, with more interest to the essay on the "Authorship of the works attributed to Shakespeare." This paper was first published more than ten years ago, and is referred to by Mr. Appleton Morgan in his book, "The Shakespearean Myth." It has been, however, for some time out of print, and may be regarded, in its present setting, as a new anti-Baconian manifesto. It is a brief paper of only 34 pages, and the first half of the paper is devoted to an enquiry into the share which Marlowe, Greene, Fletcher, and others had in the writing of certain plays. We need not follow these discussions in detail. We will only say that nothing can be more confused, uncertain, speculative, and unprofitable, than these critical vivisections. To us it is astonishing that critics who can see evidences of Marlowe in Shakespeare, are utterly blind to similar indications, only infinitely stronger and more abundant, of Bacon's hand. The admission of Bacon's presence, however partial, would throw a flood of light on all these enquiries, and solve many of the puzzles which baffle the

critics. And yet when Dr. Ingleby begins the discussion of this question, all his fairness and sweet reasonableness cease; and his criticism is not only feeble, but it is also uncivil and unfair. This might be warranted if his own case were a clear and strong one; but when he confesses that all the evidences for Shakspere's authorship that he can produce are "scanty, few, and meagre" his rudeness is also unreasonable and immodest. We need not concern ourselves with his argument against Bacon's claim. This one sentence shows what sort of stuff his argument is composed of:—

"And yet we are asked to believe that, because Bacon writes, 'All was *inned* at last into the King's barn,' and 'The cold became more *eager*,' therefore he was the author of 'All's Well that Ends Well,' and 'Hamlet'" (p. 23).

It is quite certain that this monstrous assertion is a product entirely of his own imagination. Only dense ignorance and ignoble prejudice can account for it. Baconians do not argue in this crazy style, and it is simply a prejudgment and falsification of their case thus to caricature them.

Coming now to his positive evidences for Shakspere, he writes:—

"I own at once that those evidences are scanty; not so scanty as Mr. W. H. Smith asserts, for he cites but four witnesses whose testimony was given in Shakspere's life-time—viz., Francis Meres (1598), William Basse (1599?), the anonymous author of 'The Return from Parnassus' (1606, said to have been written in 1602), who however does not connect the poems with Shakspere, and Ben Jonson. In fact, there are at least eleven besides, two of whom are among our chief witnesses. But so little weight do I attach to *contemporary rumour* as an evidence of authorship, that I shall trouble you with seven witnesses only. Of these there are but four who directly identify the man, or the actor, with the writer of the plays and poems." (p. 24, 25).

It is noticeable that "contemporary evidence" is soon found to be only "contemporary rumour," and to this little weight is very properly attached. The *decaudate* fox reasoned in the same way. As, however, the paramount aim of the paper is to display this evidence, one would suppose the writer would give some indications of that which is more cogent than the "rumour" which he can afford to hold so cheap. There is, how-

ever, not the faintest hint of what these more reliable evidences are.

But let us have as much of this "contemporary evidence" as our œconomical reasoner thinks it worth his while to bring forward; it is not, we presume, unreasonable to assume that he will give the strongest. Dr. Ingleby promises to produce seven witnesses; but as two of these—John Heminge and Henry Condell—are as inseparable as the Siamese twins, it is hardly humane to cut them asunder. Their united witness is one and indivisible, and it is quite impossible to distinguish the two. Therefore Dr. Ingleby's possible fifteen—*i.e.*, eleven in addition to Mr. W. H. Smith's four—dwindle down to six, and of these six, Ben Jonson, whom Mr. W. H. Smith also names, is one; which reduces the six to five.

This is, indeed, interesting; let us hope the five or six will prove strong; if so they will be as good as six hundred.

"The first witness I shall call is John Harrison, the publisher; though it is but little he can tell us. It was for him that 'Venus and Adonis' was printed in 1593, and 'The Rape of Lucrece,' in 1594. No author's name is on the title-page of either. But fortunately he prefixed to each a dedication to Lord Southampton, subscribed 'William Shakespeare.' It is to me quite incredible that Harrison would have done this, unless Shakespeare had written the dedication, *or at least been a party to them*" (p. 25).

Weak—ridiculously weak—as this first witness is, the last words, which we have italicized, surrender the whole of his evidence, and make it utterly invisible, inaudible, and worthless. See, too, the inconsistency of this presumption, the negation of which is "quite incredible" to Dr. Ingleby, though we do not fancy many people will share his incredulity. The writer has already admitted that "any difficulty he may meet with here more or less infects all the poetical literature of that day." And then he refers to various poems attributed indifferent books to different writers, and asks, "Who is sufficient to solve these questions of authorship?" And elsewhere he admits that as to *Titus Andronicus*, "All the external evidences give give him the sole authorship, as indeed they do in the case of several plays universally allowed to be spurious." We suppose John Harrison, or some of his craft, certificated these

spurious plays and poems, in the same way as *Venus and Adonis* is certificated by John Harrison, according to our author. Evidently the credibility of a witness, in Dr. Ingleby's view, depends on the palatable quality of the issue he is intended to support. Why should we not, in view of this preposterous evidence, apply to our author the civility which he bestows upon the Baconians?

"This remarkable controversy is not without its uses. It serves to call particular attention to the existence of a class of minds which, like Macadam's sieves, retain only those ingredients that are unsuited to the end in view." (p. 19).

The next witness is Francis Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia —Wit's Commonwealth." Meres' language is that of eulogy, criticism, panegyric; and there is not the faintest indication that he had any other intention than that of praising the poetry. So far as the personal question of authorship goes—*i.e.*, for settling the question whether "Shakespeare" was a pseudonym, Meres does not give us a shred of help. It is to be observed that among the plays which Francis Meres certificates is *Titus Andronicus*, which Shakespeare critics generally pronounce to be not written by Shakspere at all. This inclusion is no difficulty for the Baconians, but for the Shakspere apologists it is a serious drawback to the value of Meres' testimony. No. 2 must stand aside.

Next comes Robert Greene. His testimony, so called, is so enigmatical, that it is not easy to make out the exact concrete facts that lie behind it. Doubtless he speaks of Shakspere as "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers." And it has always seemed to us that the simplest interpretation of his words is that he, a disappointed dramatic writer, saw that William Shakspere was strutting in borrowed plumage, wearing feathers which were not his native plumage, and that if he called himself a poet, he was a pretender to a credit which did not properly belong to him. Robert Greene's evidence will not bear examination. No. 3 also must retire.

Next comes Chettle. He apologises for Greene's attack upon Shakspere; and as Chettle's testimony is the only one that seems to have the least weight, we will quote the most significant words:—

"Because myself have seen his demeanour, no less civil than he is excellent in the quality he professes; besides diverse of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art."

Chettle, relying on hearsay testimony from "diverse of worship," has a notion that Shakspere had the art of writing with "facetious grace." How much he knew about Shakspere personally, what motive he had for smoothing over Greene's assault, and how much is implied in his conciliatory language, it is quite impossible to say. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says :—

"Apologies of this kind are so apt to be overstrained that we can hardly gather more from the present one, than the respectable position Shakspere held as a writer and an actor, and that Chettle, having made his acquaintance, was desirous of keeping friends with one who was beginning to be appreciated by the higher classes of society."

Exactly so; and if Shakspere had a secret, there is not the least probability that Chettle was likely to know it. If he knew it he would, in his good-natured way, take care to keep it to himself, and perhaps to nurse it. Chettle's soothing syrup does not nourish us very much. See also Mr. Stronach's criticism on it, p. 242.

The next evidence is the double personality of Heminge and Condell, which we must consider as fused into one. Dr. Ingleby cites them rather ruefully :—

"I suppose I must, in the next place, cite the ostensible editors of the first collection of Shakespeare's works, . . . but unfortunately for their credit and our satisfaction, their prefatory statement contains, or at least suggests, what they must have known to be false. . . . Notwithstanding this, the testimony of Shakspere's fellows must be allowed to have some weight in the question of authorship. It is to me incredible," etc.

But these presumed incredibilities of gnat-straining, camel-swallowing critics are so artfully constructed to carry exactly the conclusion that is very much, very painfully wanted, that we have no patience to produce it. Inasmuch as all the testimony of Heminge and Condell is contained in their two prefatory letters, and as the interpretation of all these prefatory documents is not a simple matter, as our Shaksperian friends perpetually assume, but a very doubtful, difficult, and complicated matter, we must ask these twins to stand aside till the whole evidence, to which they contribute a part, is sifted.

And this will be when "when our last and principal witness, Ben Jonson," has spoken. The examination of his testimony would carry us too far. Dr. Ingleby has some criticism which strikes us as singularly perverse on the celebrated bull which Ben Jonson attributes to Shakspere, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause." The same bull—but with obviously a comic intent—occurs in the Induction to Ben Jonson's, "The Staple of News." Consequently Mr. Ingleby thinks that the passage in Julius Cæsar, which Shakspere appears to have misquoted and blundered over, viz.:—

> "Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
> Will he be satisfied,"—

ought to stand thus:—

> "Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause;
> Nor without cause will he be satisfied."

that is to say, because Jonson purposely, and William Shakspere blunderingly, twisted these words into nonsense, the same nonsense is to be substituted for the good sense which we find in Shakespeare! This is indeed a levelling criticism. Dr. Ingleby evidently feels he is straining a point, and so, like a genuine Shakespearian critic, he anticipates the very just charge of perversity by flinging it in the face of more reasonable critics. See the Exigencies of Shaksperian Criticism! Was there ever such a guilty *tu quoque* as the following?—

"But of course the editors will not have it. It is proverbial that office is a potent perverter of the judgment. It would seem as if a critic became blear-eyed as soon as he turned editor" (p. 31).

Ben Jonson's evidence, such as it is, is easily disposed of. It is contained in a poem of forty couplets. And the most significant passage, in a poem which wears the colour of mystification in every line of it, is the following:—

> "Or when thy socks were on
> Leave thee alone, for the comparison
> Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
> Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

Dr. Ingleby knows that this same eulogy was subsequently applied, no longer in poetry, but in plain prose, to Bacon:

"It is he who hath filled up all numbers [*i.e.*, all varieties of poetry] and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome."

Dr. Ingleby adds :—

"Of course the heretics have not been slow to avail themselves of this resemblance. They are welcome to what it is worth" (p. 33).

We hope we are so welcome, for we find in this eulogy of Bacon evidence that completely upsets all the supposed evidence of the prefatory poetry, and proves that Ben Jonson knew perfectly well that the real poet of Shakespeare was not his much patronised and often snubbed friend, William Shakspere, but a man of quite a different type—Francis Bacon, whom he never ceased to honour, even when his name was blackened by a legal condemnation; even as he never speaks of William Shakspere without a superior-person sneer on his face.

It seems then that the learned Shakesperian, Dr. Ingleby, the author of the "Century of Praise," the industrious collector of every hint that can fortify the credit of William Shakspere, when producing his strongest picked evidence has only five witnesses, and every one of these is so equivocal that the import of their testimony has to be carefully explained lest we should fail to apprehend its existence.

Dr. Ingleby's views respecting the "Shakespearian Canon" were evidently very undecided. The most significant point about it is, that he regards the Canon of "Shakespeare" as "not a fixed quantity, but one to which various values have been attached at various periods." This view he further expounded in a paper read before the Royal Society of Literature in Jan., 1886. We wonder it never occurs to these critics that these candid discussions of doubts and difficulties about the authorship of Shakespeare, which are going on in their domestic circles, are overheard out of doors, and that when they emerge from their coteries and declare that no *primâ facie* case against William Shakspere exists—that the evidence in favour of his authorship is overwhelming—and that the Baconian solution of these difficulties which they only ignore when the Baconian question is before them, is a crazy impertinence, they are really contradicting themselves, and giving involuntary evidence that our case is unanswerable. For Baconians nothing can be more appetising than the appeal to contemporary evidence. The more this evidence is sifted the more it dwindles, and it may be safely affirmed that it has absolutely no existence whatever.

FIGURES, SIMILES AND METAPHORS, FROM BACON'S PROSE AND SCIENTIFIC WORKS, AND FROM SHAKESPEARE,

With Regard to Matters Connected with State-Government, Law, the Body Politic, King, Court, War, &c.

By Mrs. Henry Pott.

(*Continued from page 212*).

A to D.

Arch of the Empire.

They have continued and, as it were, arched their dominions from Milan to the Low Countries. (*War with Spain*).

The wide arch of the ranged Empire (*Ant.*, Cl. I. i. 33).

Arms of Kings are long.

An nescis longas regibus esse manus? (Or, dost thou not know that the arms of Kings are long?) (*Promus*, 1115, *from Ovid. Her.* xvii. 166).

Emmanuel, King of Portugal, whose arms began to circle Africk and Asia. (*Of a Holy War*).

Then did his Majesty stretch forth his long arms, (for Kings have long arms when they will extend them) one of them to the sea, where he took hold of Grey shipped for Sweden, . . . the other arm to Scotland, and took hold of Carlile.

(*Speech at Lord Sanquhar's Trial, Life* iv., 293).

Alas, Overbury had no such long hand as to reach from the other side of the sea to England, to forbid your bans and cross your love. (*Speech against Somerset, Life* v., 332).

Is not my arm of length
That reacheth from the restful English Court
As far as Calais ? (*Rich. II.*, IV. i. 12).
Dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back. . .
(2 *Hen. VI.*, III. i. 158).
Great men have reaching hands—oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.
(2 *Hen. IV.* IV. vii. 87).
His rear'd arm crested the world (*Ant., Cl.* V. ii. 82).

They have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds (*Win. Tale*, I., i. 31).

Asleep, Business, the Law, &c.

The means of present mischief being taken away, this matter fell asleep. (*Declaration of Essex's treasons*).

All this to make her Majesty secure and to lull the world asleep. (*Ib.*).

Allegiance was in force and virtue when laws were asleep. (*Report*, 1606-7).

This matter . . . must be so handled that factions be laid asleep. . .

They doubted not to lay asleep the Queen and Council. (*Of Calling Parliament*, 1615).

Secrecy in suits doth awake others. (*Ess. Suitors*).

'Tis not sleepy business. (*Cymb.* III. v. 26).

Redresses sleep. (*Lear*, I. iv. 229).

I think the world's asleep. (I. iv. 52).

Pity's sleeping. (*Tim. Ath.*, IV. iii. 492).

The law hath slept. . . Now 'tis awake. (*Meas. Meas.*, II. ii. 90).

While you here do snoring lie
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take. . . .
Awake! Awake! (*Temp.* II. i. 300).

Aspect of Princes.

Your Majesty hath vouchsafed to cast a second aspect of your eye of compassion on me. (*To the King, Mar.* 20, 1621).

There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars and women have. (*Hen. VIII.*, III. ii. 368).

I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well. (*Ib.*, V. i. 88).

Atlas

Never did Atlas such a burden bear
As she, in holding up the world opprest. (*Masque*, 1594).

Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight. (3 *Hen. VI.*, V. i. 36).

Attorney.

It is hoped that the State hath performed the part of good attorneys. (*To Mr. R. Kempe*).

I will be mine own attorney in this case. (1 *Hen. VI.* V. iii. 136).

Windy attorneys to their client woes.
(*Rich. III.* IV. iv. 127).
Be the attorney of my love to her. (*R. III.*, IV. iv. 412).
I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother. (*Ib.* V. iii. 43).
Their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed. (*W. Tale. I.*, i. 29).

Back-door.

The back-door that was open in the assistance of our enemies. (*Short View of England and Spain*, 1619).
And now our cowards
. . . having found the back-door open
Of unguarded hearts—heavens! how they wound.
(*Cymb.*, V. iii. 43).

Backed with some potent power.

The realm backed with some potent power. (*Let. for Walsingham*).
England is safe, if true within itself.
Yes, but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.
'Tis better using France than trusting France,
Let us be back'd by God, and with the seas.
(3 *Hen. VI.*, IV. i. 40).

Balance.

Both parties (in the Church) are supported, balanced, and managed by the State. (*Advice to Rutland*, 2).
There is no King that will enter into war, but will first balance his own forces. (*Report*, 1606).
The State, in regard to balancing all degrees will happily consider this point. (*Of the Marches*).
Fearing that the balance (of the graces and benignities of the Crown) might go too much on that side. (*Sp. for Supp.*, 1614).
His Majesty carried the balance with a constant and steady hand. (*Charge against Countess of Somerset*).
In the balance of great Bolingbroke
Besides himself, are all the English peers.
(*R. II.*, III. iv. 84—89; *Comp.* 2 *Hen. VI.*, V. i. 5—10).
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
(2 *Hen. IV.*, IV. i. 67, *and Ib.* V. ii. 101, 102).

Balm of the King's pity.

Let the balm distil everywhere from your sovereign hands, to the medicining of any part that complaineth. (*Gesta Grayorum*).

I did commend her Majesty's mercy, terming it as an excellent balm, &c. (*Apologia*).

I have not stopped mine ears to their demands
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds.
(3 *Hen. VI.*, IV. viii. 39).

Ball, Tossed like a.

To bandy bills like balls. (*Sp. of weights and measures.*)

A young man that by right ought to hold in his hand the ball of a kingdom, but by fortune is made himself a ball, tossed from misery to misery and from place to place.
(*Hist. Hen. VII.*)

What treasure, uncle ?
Tennis-balls, my liege . . .
When we have matched our racquets to these balls
We will, with God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard . . .
This mock of his hath turn'd his balls to gunstones.
(*Hen. V.*, I. ii. 258).

Banks or shores of Prerogative overflowed.

The Prerogative was better kept within its banks, and the banks were thereby made the stronger. (*Sp. for Supply*, 1614.)

How could . .
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
. . . . . Each thing meets
For mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the stars
And make a sop of this all-solid globe.
(*Tr. Cr.*, I. iii., 101—137.)

Bathed in blood—(Tyranny, &c.)

A cruel tyranny, bathed in the blood of their emperors.
(*Of a holy war.*)

We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
(3 *Hen. VI.*, II. ii. 168).

I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again: (*the blood of Cæsar.*)
(*Ant. Cl.*, IV. ii. 5).

Let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood.
(*Jul. Cæs.*, III. i. 106).

Beams, Rays of Majesty.

Those papers of His Majesty's handwriting, being as so many beams of Justice issuing from that virtue which doth strike from him. (*Of Sir J. Wentworth*, 1615.)

The very beams will dry those vapours (of sedition) up.
(3 *Hen. VI.*, V. iii. 12).

Beam of the scale (*see Balance, counterpoise, scale, weight, &c.*)

This great cause is to be weighed by the beam of the Kingdom.
(*Draught of Proclamation.*)

(We) poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure. (2 *Hen.. VI.*, II. i. 204)
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. (*Ham.*, IV. v. 156).

Bed, Litter, Governing from the.

Great empires have been governed from bed, great armies commanded from the litter. (*De Aug., VI.* 3—*Antitheta* 4.)

The great Achilles . . . in his tent
Lies mocking our designs; with him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day,
Breaks scurril jests . . . At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause . . .
They call this bed-work, mappery, and closet-war.
(*Abridged from Tr. Cr.*, I. iii. 141—205).

Bees, Commonwealth-like.

Plutarch said well—It is otherwise in a Commonwealth of men than of bees. The hive of a city or kingdom is in best condition when there is the least noise or buz in it.
(*Apophthegms* I.)

We see there be platforms of monarchies, both in nature and above nature; even from the Monarch of Heaven to the king, if you will, in a hive of bees. (*Case of Post Nati.*)

Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that, *by a rule in nature*, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king, and officers of all sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor, &c.
(*Hen. V.*, I. ii. 183—206.)

Belly, Stomach.

If this poverty and broken estate in the better sort be joined with a want and necessity in the mean people, the danger is imminent and great; for the rebellions of the belly are the worst. (*Ess. of Seditions.*)

It is easy to fall into the error pointed at in the ancient fable, in which the other parts of the body found fault with the stomach which digests and distributes the aliment to all the rest. (*Advt. L.*)

There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly—thus accus'd it,
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see and hear . . . did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body, &c. (*Cor.*, I. i. 99—158).

Bent Against Authority, &c.

This libel hath a semblance as if it were only bent against the doings of the Lord Burghley. (*Observations on a libel*).

Seditious subjects bend their invective . . . against such as are in authority (*ib.*). Others wholly bent on their own plots (*De Aug.* viii., 2).

The king's heart much bent on this service (*Hist. Henry VII.*).

The bent of those times (*Advancement of Learning*, i.)

There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. (*Julius Cæsar*, III. iii. 5).

(They) are bent to dim his glory. (*Richard II.*, III. iii. 65).

(You) bend your sharpest deeds of malice against this town (*John* II. i. 379).

Everything is bent for England. (*Ham.*, IV. iii. 47).

To your own bents dispose you. (*Win. T.*, I. ii. 179) *There are about 80 similar uses of this figure in each of the groups of works*).

Body. (As a symbol of the State).

Particulars in that which concerneth the body of the kingdom. (*Mem. for King's sp.*, 1613).

(These are) growing mischiefs within the body of the realm. . . . The whole kingdom is but one entire body. (*Advice to Buckingham*).

No body can be healthful without exercise, neither natural body nor politic; and certainly to a kingdom or estate a just and honourable war is the true exercise. . . .

No man can . . . add one cubit to his stature in this little *model* of a man's body; but in the great frame of kingdoms and commonwealths, it is in the power of princes to add greatness . . . to their kingdoms. (*Ess. of Empire*).

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath.
(*John* IV. ii. 245).

The body of our kingdom, how foul it is ! . . .
It is but a body yet distempered (2 *Henry IV.*, III. i. 38).

O England! *model* to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart.
(*Henry V.*, II. chorus 16).

Blood-letting in the Body Politic.

If the wound (of the Irish rebellion) be not opened again . . . I think that no physician will go on much with blood-letting, but will intend to purge and corroborate. (*Letter to Mr. Secretary Cecil*).

I do think much letting of blood "*in declinatione morbi*" is against method of cure, it will but induce necessity and exasperate despair. (*Touching the Queen's Service, and see Antitheta, Cruelty*).

His Majesty's service daily and instantly bleedeth.
(*To Sir J. Villiers*).

The patient will ever part with some of his blood to save and clear the rest. (*Sp. of Subsidy*).

Bleed, bleed, poor country! (*Macb.*, IV. iii. 31).

K. Ri. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me,
Let's purge this choler without letting blood,

This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision.
(*Richard II.*, II. i. 152).

They lost France, and made his England bleed.
(*Henry V.*, Epilogue 12).

We are all diseased
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourself into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it (2 *Henry IV.*, IV. i. 54).

Bosom.

Here in London, the bosom of the kingdom.
(*Charge to Ct. of the Verge*).

We from the West will send destruction
Into this city's bosom (*John* II. i. 409).

Bowels.

If any State be yet free from his factions erected in the bowels thereof. (*Praise of the Queen*).

The Earl of Essex entered London, and passed through the bowels thereof. (*Arraignment of Essex*).

Of all wars, let both prince and people pray against a war in our own bowels. (*Advice to Buckingham*).

Thus far into the bowels of the land,
Have we marched on, without impediment. (*Rich. III.* V. ii. 3).

Pouring war, into the bowels of ungrateful Rome.
(*Cor.* IV v. 135).

Tearing his country's bowels out. (*Cor.* V. iii. 102).

Branch.

That branch of the king's person, the Privy Council.
(*Charge to the Verge*).

The branch cannot prosper and flourish, except the root be fed.
(*Report of Sp. for Lord Salisbury.*)

Fundamental laws with their branches and passages.
(*On the Union of Laws*).

A branch and member of this royalty (*Henry V.*, V. ii. 5).

Any branch or image of thy State (*All's Well*, II. i. 201).

He lopped the branch in hewing Rutland (3 *Henry VI.*, II. vi 47), &c.

Branches and lineaments.

I have thought it good to lay before you all the branches, lineaments, and degrees of this union. (*Touching Union*).

Every lineament, branch. (*M. Ado.*, V. i. 14).

Brittle.

The ticklish and brittle state of the greatness of Spain.
(*Of War with Spain*).

(A question) whether your Majesty will any more rest the wheel of your kingdom upon these broken and brittle pins.
(*To the King*)

Brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned.
(*Essay of Youth and Age*).

My kingdom stands on brittle glass. (*R. III.*, IV. ii. 62).

A brittle glory shineth in this face,
As brittle as the glory is the face. (*R. II.*, IV. i. 287).

Buzz.

It might breed a buzz in the rebel's head. (*Essex's Treason*).

All this dust is raised by light rumours and buzzes.
(*Sp. of Undertakers*).

These disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears. (*Tit. And.*, IV. iv. 6).

(They have hired me to) buz these conjurations in her brain.
(2 *Henry VI.*, I. ii. 99).

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears. (*R. II.*, II. i. 24).

He wants not buzzers to infect his ear. (*Ham.* IV. v. 90, &c.).

Buzzes, Stings.

Suspicions that the mind gathers of itself are but buzzes; but suspicions that are . . . put into men's heads by the tales and whisperings of others, have stings. (*Ess. Suspicion*).

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make him sting the sooner. (*Hen. VIII.*, III. ii. 55).

Canker.

Remove all cankers and causes of consumption in trades.
(*Gesta Grayorum*).

I hold it a canker in the office if any unjust fees should cleave to the same. (*Paper on Star-Chamber Fees*).

Perquisites of Court . . . are cankers of revenues.
(*Report of Commissioners*).

Monopolies, the canker of trade. (*To Villiers*).

Usury, the canker of estates. (*Ess. of Usury, rep. Uses of Usury*).

Envy the canker of honour. (*M. Honour*).

The cankers of a calm world. (1 *Henry IV.*, IV. ii. 32).

Cankered heaps of strange-achieved gold. (2 *Henry IV.*, IV. v. 72).

The canker of ambitions thonghts. (2 *Henry VI.*, I. ii. 18).
The inveterate canker of one wound (of sedition). (*John* V. ii. 14).
My cankered country. (*See Cor.*, IV. v. 76—98).

Cards packed.

To speak plainly to you, the king were better to call for a new pair of cards, than play upon these if they be packed.
(*Sp. of Undertakers*).
They have raised rumours that it is a packed Parliament (which) may be dissolved, as gamesters use to call for new cards when they mistrust a card. (*ib.*).
There be that can pack the cards, and *yet cannot play well.*
(*Ess. Cunning*).
She has packed cards with Cæsar,
And false-played my glory (*Ant. Cl.*, IV. xiv. 18).

Card Playing.

We card-holders have nothing to do but to keep close our cards and to do as we are bidden. (*To Mr. M. Hicks*).
The other paper hath many discarding cards. (*To the King*).
They went in upon far better cards to overthrow King Henry.
(*Hist. Hen. VII.*).
Some shall be thonght practisers that shall pluck the cards, and others shall be thonght Papists that shall shuffle the cards.
(*Sp. of Undertakers*).
There lies a cooling card. (1 *Hen. VI.*, V. iii. 83).
Have I not here the best card for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown. (*John* V. ii. 105).
A vengeance on your crafty, withered hide!
Yet have I fac'd it with a card of ten. (*Tam. Sh.*, II. i. 406).
This is as sure a card as ever won the set.
(*Tit. And.*, V. i. 100).

Cedar Shrubs.

Cedars were cut down, and shrubs given to browse upon.
(*Of Calling Parliament*).
Marcus, we are but shrubs—no cedars we.
(*Tit. And.*, IV. iii. 45).
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge, &c.
(Which) kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
(*See 3 Hen. VI.*, V. ii. 11).

Celestial Bodies, Order in the State.

After this manner (the Persian philosophers) set before their kings the examples of the celestial bodies, the sun, the moon,

and the rest, which have great glory and veneration, but no rest or intermission; being in a perpetual office of motion, for the cherishing in turn and in course, of inferior bodies: expressing likewise the true manner of the motions of government, which, though they ought to be swift and rapid in respect of dispatch and the occasions, yet are they constant and regular without wavering or confusion. (*On the Union*).

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose medeinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil, &c.
(*See Tr. Cr.*, I. iii. 85—119).

Channel of the King's right, Overflows the banks.

It is but *de canali*, of the pipe, how the King's message shall be conveyed to us. (*Of the King's Message*).

For the use of the Prerogative, it runs within the ancient channels and banks; some things which were conceived to be as overflows, have been reduced, whereby the main channel of the King's Prerogative is so much the stronger; for evermore, overflows do hurt the channel. (*Charge against St. John*).

Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vexed with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel. (*John* II. i. 335).
Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now, at length they overflow their banks.
Per., II. iv. 23).

Cloud.—See Vapour.

Her Majesty purposed . . . only to have used a cloud instead of a shower. (*Letter drawn up for Essex*, 1560).

Clouds of error, which descend in the storms of passions and perturbations. (*Advt. L.*, i., *Repeated in Praise of Knowledge*).

Not a cloud of that storm did appear in that countenance in which Peace doth ever shine. (*Praise of the Queen*).

I perceive that this cloud still hangs over the house, and that it may fall and hurt. (*Sp. of Undertakers*).

(Same figure in "Of a Holy War," "Of Great Britain," "Of War with Spain," and in the "History of Hen. VII.", three times.)

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds which lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried. (*Rich. III.*, II. i. 1).
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance.
(*Tit. And.*, I. i. 263).
Will Cæsar weep? He has a cloud in 's face.
(*Ant. Cl.*, III. ii. 51).
This world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
(3 *Hen. VI.*, II. iii. 7, *and ib.*, V. iii. 1—13, &c.).
The filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villany. (*Hen. V.*, III. iii. 31).

Combustion.

Like some comet or blazing star which should portend nothing but death and dearth, combustions and troubles of the world.
(*Gesta Grayorum*, *2nd Counsellor*).

If some base-minded persons had entered into such action, it might have caused much blood and combustion.
(*Apologia*, 1603).

The spark that afterwards kindled such a fire and combustion in the State. (*Hist. Hen. VII.*).

The affairs of Maximillian were at that time in great trouble and combustion by a rebellion of his subjects. (*ib.*).

Lamentings heard i' the air: strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
Now hatch'd to the woeful time. (*Macb.*, II. iii. 61).

Conception, Birth, Brood of Treasons.

The qualities of a nature disposed to disloyalty, or the beginnings and conceptions of that which afterwards grew to shape and form. (*Declaration of Essex treason*, 1561).

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased:
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time:
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess,

That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you. (*2 Hen. IV.*, III. i. 80).
I have a young conception in my brain:
Be you my time to bring it to some shape, &c.
(*See Tr. Cr.*, I. iii. 312—320).

Contagion of treasons.

As this is a case of contagion of the heart and soul, a rascal may bring in a plague into the city as well as a great man.
(*Charge against Owen*).

My Lord of Warwick, here is . . . a most contagious treason come to light. (*Hen. V.*, IV. viii. 21).

Counsellors.

Sweet Sovereign, dismiss your five counsellors, and only take counsel of your five senses. (*Gesta Grayorum*).

It is every man's head in this case must be his counsellor.
(*Speech of Supply*).

The only violent counsellors are anger and fear.
(*De Aug.*, vi., 3, *Antitheta*, 44).

These (*my senses*) are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am. (*A. Y. L.*, II. i. 10).

Rage and hot blood are his counsellors.
(*2 Hen. IV.*, IV. iv. 63).

The counsellor heart, &c. (*See Cor.*, I. i. 120).

Counterpoise and Sedition, &c.

The Queen-mother used Guise as a counterpoise to the princes of the blood. (*Observations on a Libel*).

The counterpoise of the actions of war. (*Draught of Proclu.*).

Your plot is too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition (*1 Hen. IV.*, II. iii. 13).

Think you . . . the lives of those which we have lost
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum? (*2 Hen. VI.*, IV. i. 21).

(*To be continued*).

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